

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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ST. GEORGE A "TWIN" OF CHARLES THE BOLD: A 15TH-CENTURY RELIQUARY IN THE FLEMISH EXHIBITION.

This beautiful gold reliquary, lent by the Cathedral of Liège to the Exhibition of Flemish and Belgian Art at the Royal Academy, is remarkable for the fact that the saint (on the right, with the dragon at his feet) and the Duke are exactly alike. Drawing attention to the point in a letter to the "Times," Lady Evans says: "The faces of St. George and of Charles the Bold are identical, though

the marked features, small chin, vertical lines on the brow, projecting lower lip, and slight double chin of the portrait head of Charles are ill-suited to a youthful warrior-saint. The only difference is in the hair, which in both figures is worked in a separate piece. Gerard Loyet, when he made the group in 1466-67, must have cast both faces from the same mould before enamelling them."

NOTE.—With this issue is presented a special *Souvenir Supplement* reproducing many of the best pictures from the Flemish Art Exhibition. Readers should make sure that this Supplement is included in their copies of the number.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MUCH has been written recently about a revival of interest in what is called the Baroque—the rather riotous sort of Renaissance architecture which broke out all over Europe, largely in connection with the Counter-Reformation and largely leading up to what the French call the Great Century, the noontide glory of the Roi Soleil. Critics are saying, with some justice, that the very mediævalists who rightly condemned the reckless Renaissance contempt for the Gothic have since exhibited a quite equally reckless contempt for all the results of the Renaissance. As the one was called Gothic merely in the sense of barbaric, so the other is called Rococo merely in the sense of florid or absurd. The classical fountains in Rome are not necessarily bad because the pointed shrines in Normandy are good; and, if it is hard to imagine how anyone ever thought that a savage had designed St. Ouen's, we have even more detailed evidence that it was not exactly a fool who designed St. Peter's.

We all have our preferences, we all probably have our prejudices about these things; but even mediævalists like myself may well admit that some of us have shown prejudice as well as preference. We may well admit that, even when we are illuminated with all the windows of Chartres, even when we are rejoicing in some glorious Gothic lantern of flamboyant glass, we are in a sense living in glass houses and should not throw stones. Certainly we should not cast the first stone at every stonemason who does not happen to be a mediæval stonemason. To take that position is to be every bit as ignorant and stupid as those great Renaissance classicists who thought themselves so enlightened and so wise. Certainly they were Vandals when they thought they were attacking Goths. But the Gothicists are really Goths when they march only to sack the temples of Rome.

So much even a man of mediæval sympathies may well concede to those who condemn anything as Pagan if it is not Pugin. But he will probably add that the worst weakness of the mediævalists is that they fall short of the mediævals. The real trouble has been that even those who admired Gothic most could not revive the part of it that was most admirable. The most wonderful thing about Gothic was the spontaneous individual craftsmanship, especially in its sanctification of the grotesque. But there was nothing specially spontaneous, there was nothing specially individual, there was certainly nothing specially grotesque, about the pallid and pointed church architecture that began with the Victorian High Churchman and is now the pattern of every Wesleyan or Congregationalist chapel in Surbiton or Streatham. The worthy Wesleyan would be gravely surprised if he saw his pew decorated with some of the carvings found on the Miserere seats of the monks. The speculative builder in Surbiton would be distinctly pained if he found an ordinary bricklayer chipping a brick about to make a hideous face, certainly to suit the fancy of the labourer, and possibly to be a caricature of the foreman.

This sort of variety within a framework of unity was the real merit of the mediæval world, and it is

nearly impossible in the modern world. Anyhow, it is quite as impossible in the Gothic chapel in Streatham as it is in the classical temple in Rome. That is what I mean by saying that the modern stained glass attitudiniser is living in a glass house or is open to a *tu quoque*; he is not really carving his own gargoyles any more than the classicist, and anybody who dared to cast a real stone devil among us might be killing two birds with one stone. He might be not only rebuking classicism for not being Gothic, but even more sharply rebuking Gothic for not being Gothic. In other words, the real objection to revivals of mediævalism is that they are not mediæval enough.

The Baroque in art and architecture, however, had its own sort of freedom and fantasy; and, as it was produced under social conditions more like our own, it is natural that some of us should turn to it with a

or profuberance. At that particular period, we saw it as something hollow and empty; even when we imitated it, even when we used it, we used it as a mask and hardly saw it as a face.

Indeed, we imitated the French without admiring them—or, at any rate, we admired them without praising them. They were at once our enemies and our models; but that very fact shows that they were at that moment at their best and we almost at our worst. Wycherley wrote an English version of the noblest of all the plays of Molière, and it is pretty ignoble. It is almost enough to ask where Molière has stood among French writers and where Wycherley has stood among English? Anyhow, it will be agreed that our great period was rather the age of Shakespeare than the age of Wycherley. The reasons for this contrast are probably political, and may be very roughly suggested by saying that the natural outcome and climax of the Renaissance, good or bad, was the thing which Charles I. failed in achieving and which Henry VIII. only seemed to achieve. It was the replacing of a strong Church by a strong State and even by a strong King.

In France this strong State was established, with such advantages as that conception has, in all sorts of things down to the leadership of fashion and the patronage of art and architecture. In England it was thwarted and broken up, for good or evil, by factions, and especially by the faction of the Whig aristocrats. Therefore, if we want to judge that strong State which was the spirit of the time, and balance its good and evil, England happens to be a very unfortunate corner of Europe in which to study it. The English Puritans had their own virtues; the English Whigs had their own case; but they do not tell us much of what was happening in the world just then, or of that positive and constructive culture whose architectural symbol was the Baroque.

It seems to me very odd that internationalists, who rebuke the narrowness of national things, seldom sympathise with really international things. Thus Mr. H. G. Wells, who is always hoping that a Europe without flags or frontiers will exist in the future, is quite annoyed to discover that a Europe without flags or frontiers really existed in the past. He wants to get nearer to

a World State, and he hates the nearest that the world ever came to a World State—the Roman Empire. Napoleon had the same European idea; but Mr. Wells talks about Napoleon exactly as any insular Tory squire talked about Boney. In the same way, I find the most enlightened Englishmen strangely blind to the positive European importance of the Grand Siècle. They seem to be as jealous of Louis XIV. as if he were still alive. As Mr. Wells might be fighting Waterloo over again, so they seem to be still fighting Blenheim over again. But a good historian will feel something of the magnificence of the legend of Louis, just as he will feel something of the magnificence of the legend of Elizabeth. You cannot understand France without one or England without the other—or Europe without both.



TIGER-HUNTING IN 1788: A HISTORIC PICTURE BY JOHN ZOFFANY (SEEN, WITH GUN, IN THE HOWDAH ON THE RIGHT) JUST BOUGHT FOR THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL HALL AT CALCUTTA.

This interesting picture of an eighteenth-century tiger hunt in Bengal has just been acquired, from Messrs. Spink, by the Trustees of the Victoria Memorial at Calcutta, who also bought some years ago Zoffany's "Embassy of Hyderbeck to Calcutta, 1788" (both, it is said, commissioned by Warren Hastings). A third picture by Zoffany—"Colonel Mordaunt's Cock-Fight at Lucknow, 1788"—was sold last year by the Marquess of Tweeddale to a private collector in London. In "John Zoffany, R.A., His Life and Works, 1735-1810. By Lady Victoria Manners and Dr. G. C. Williamson (Lane), is reproduced a mezzotint of the above picture engraved by R. Earlom (1802). It represents (says the inscription) "the attack and death of the royal tiger near Chandernagur." In the howdah on the right are Sir John Macpherson and Zoffany himself (with a gun); in that on the left are General Carnac and (behind him) Mr. Stables. In the foreground is a native woman (left) advancing to pluck the whiskers off the dead tiger, "held to be a preservative from its fury." The elephant carrying Zoffany belonged to Warren Hastings, and holds in its trunk "the tail of a Thibet cow (mounted in silver) used as a fan to keep off the flies, but only allowed to elephants belonging to people of distinction, the others using boughs of trees." The "Tiger Hunt" had been owned by the Wetton family since it came to England in 1800. When it was cleaned, Dr. Williamson pronounced it to be not a preliminary study, but Zoffany's finished work.—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Spink and Son.]

new understanding and sympathy. Nevertheless, the understanding and sympathy are quite new, and that for a reason that is rather interesting in itself. It arises from the fact that the full civilisation in which this expanded and even extravagant form of classicism flourished is one from which we in England have been cut off by a curious historical accident. The period which was most positive in French history was curiously negative in English history. It is like the case of one of those florid classical masks so often seen in the sculpture and decoration of the Baroque period. Only the French beheld it solid and in the round; a full and featured face; the noble mask of Comedy or of Tragedy; for the smile was the smile of Molière and the frown was the frown of Racine. But we were on the concave and not the convex side of that mould

THE FROG THAT IS NEVER A TADPOLE: A STRANGE LITTLE AMPHIBIAN.



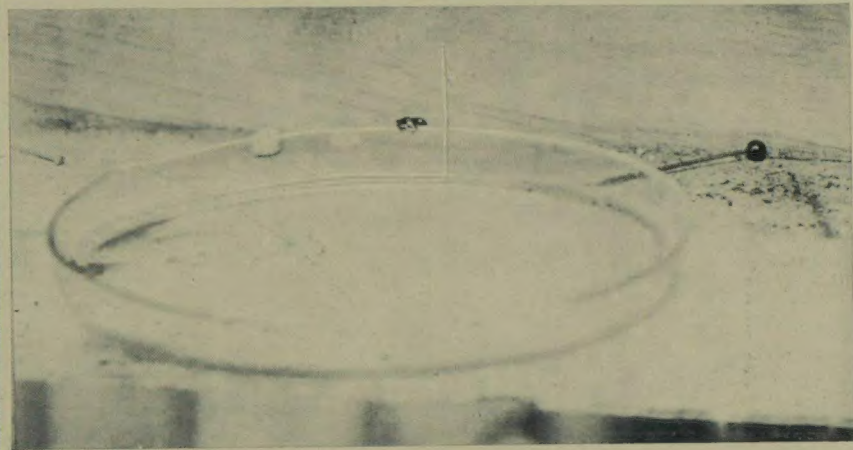
1. TWO EGGS OF THE FOREST FROG (*ELEUTHERODACTYLUS MARTINICENSIS*) DEPOSITED ON THE GROUND IN DOMINICA, SHOWING EMBRYOS WITHIN THE CLEAR JELLY (GREATLY ENLARGED).



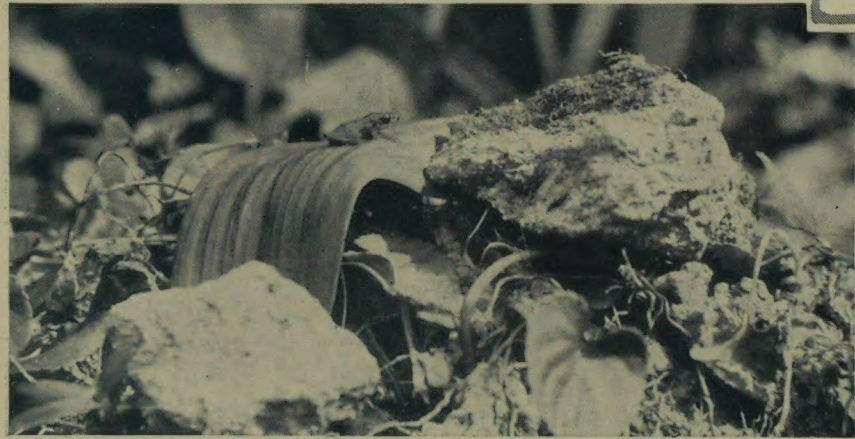
2. CONTAINING A FROGLET ABOUT TO EMERGE: A FOREST FROG'S EGG. (GREATLY ENLARGED.)



3. JUST AFTER HATCHING: A FROGLET OUT OF ITS EGG CRAWLING ON TWO OTHERS. (GREATLY ENLARGED.)



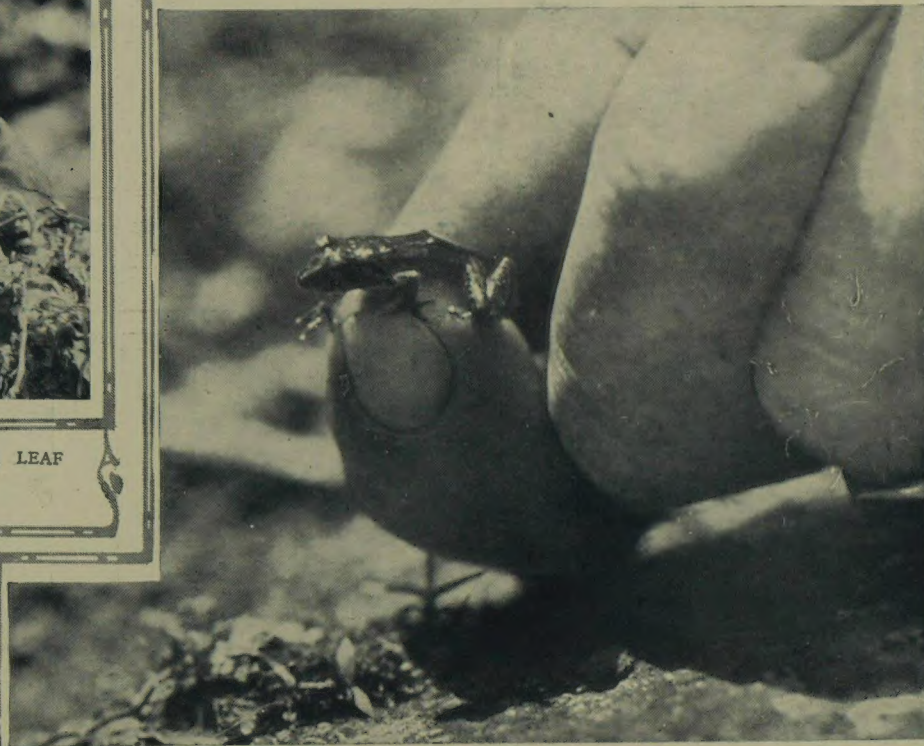
4. A TINY NEWLY HATCHED FOREST FROG SEEN IN ITS ACTUAL SIZE: THE FROG ON THE FAR EDGE OF A SMALL DISH, JUST TO THE LEFT OF A VERTICAL PIN, SHOWING ITS VERY SMALL DIMENSIONS



5. A YOUNG FOREST FROG READY TO FACE THE WORLD, SEEN ON A LEAF ON TOP OF A LITTLE PILE OF LEAVES AND STONES.



6. THE SIZE OF A YOUNG FOREST FROG IN RELATION TO OUR SMALLEST COIN, A THREEPENNY BIT: AN INTERESTING COMPARISON.



7. A FULL-GROWN FOREST FROG: THE SIZE OF THE LITTLE CREATURE SHOWN BY THE HUMAN FINGER ON THE TIP OF WHICH IT IS RESTING.

Mr. Paul Griswold Howes, who sends us these very interesting photographs, taken in the Island of Dominica (British West Indies), is a well-known American zoologist and naturalist photographer. He has previously contributed to our pages remarkable photographs of insects. His full notes on the photographs are: "(1) Two eggs of the Forest Frog (*Eleutherodactylus martinicensis*). Perhaps the most interesting discovery was the life history of this frog. The eggs are deposited loosely on the moist forest floor as shown here. The embryos may be seen within the clear jelly. (2) The frog passes through its tadpole stages within the egg, and is never active in water. It hatches directly into the world as a perfect frog of very minute dimensions. Here we see a froglet about to emerge. (3) This frog has emerged from the egg and has crawled upon two others, still moist with birth. Owing to the very swift streams and almost total absence of still pools, this strange life history has evolved, as the eggs could not be safely deposited in the rivers and rain streams. The eggs are large for the size of the frog and contain enough food to carry the young frogs through their metamorphosis. (4) A newly hatched frog shown life size beside a pin. (5) A young frog. (6) Another view of the little frog: the background furnishes an excellent comparison. (7) A full-grown frog."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL GRISWOLD HOWES, CURATOR OF NATURAL HISTORY AT THE BRUCE MUSEUM (U.S.A.).

HOME NEWS OF THE WEEK: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF RECENT EVENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, TOPICAL, L.N.A., I.B., AND C.N.



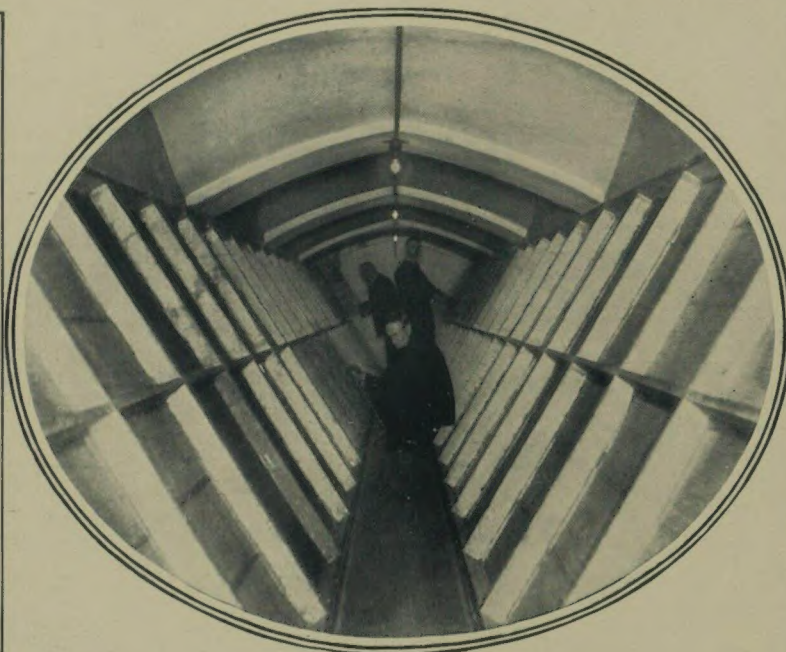
MR. PARRY THOMAS'S WRECKED RACING CAR AFTER THE FATAL ACCIDENT: THE WHEEL AND DRIVING SPROCKET (BEYOND) WHERE THE CHAIN BROKE.



THE TRAGEDY OF PENDINE SANDS: THE WRECKED CAR IN WHICH MR. PARRY THOMAS WAS KILLED WHILE TRAVELLING AT 180 MILES AN HOUR—A GENERAL VIEW SHOWING THE CURVED TRACK OF THE GREAT SKID AFTER THE DRIVING CHAIN SNAPPED.



THE FAMOUS RACING MOTORIST ON THE DAY OF HIS DEATH: MR. PARRY THOMAS ACCEPTING A "BLACK CAT" MASCOT, WHICH HE DID NOT USE.



TO PURIFY THE AIR IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: A V-SHAPED CHAMBER BENEATH, WITH SLOPING SIDES FOR COTTON WOOL (RECENTLY CLEARED) TO COLLECT DIRT PARTICLES AS THE AIR IS FORCED THROUGH.



THE KING AT THE HUNTERS' SHOW: HIS MAJESTY TALKING TO CAPT. WICKHAM-BOYNTON AFTER PRESENTING HIM WITH THE KING'S GOLD CUP.



THE PREMIER AT THE SCENE OF THE CWM COLLIERY DISASTER: MR. BALDWIN LEAVING THE PITHEAD OFFICES—WITH SIR F. MILLS, CHAIRMAN (IN LIGHT OVERCOAT).

Mr. J. G. Parry Thomas, the famous racing motorist, was killed on March 3 at Pendine Sands, Carmarthenshire, while travelling at 180 m.p.h. in his 400-h.p. racing car, "Babs," in an attempt to set up a new speed record. It was stated that the offside driving chain snapped and almost severed his head, then wound itself round one of the back wheels and locked them both, causing the car to somersault. It skidded for nearly a quarter of a mile. Just before the start a young woman gave him a "black cat" mascot, and he said: "I do not believe in false gods, but thank you." He did not use it, as he never carried mascots. Later the wrecked car was buried in adjacent sand dunes.—Air for the House

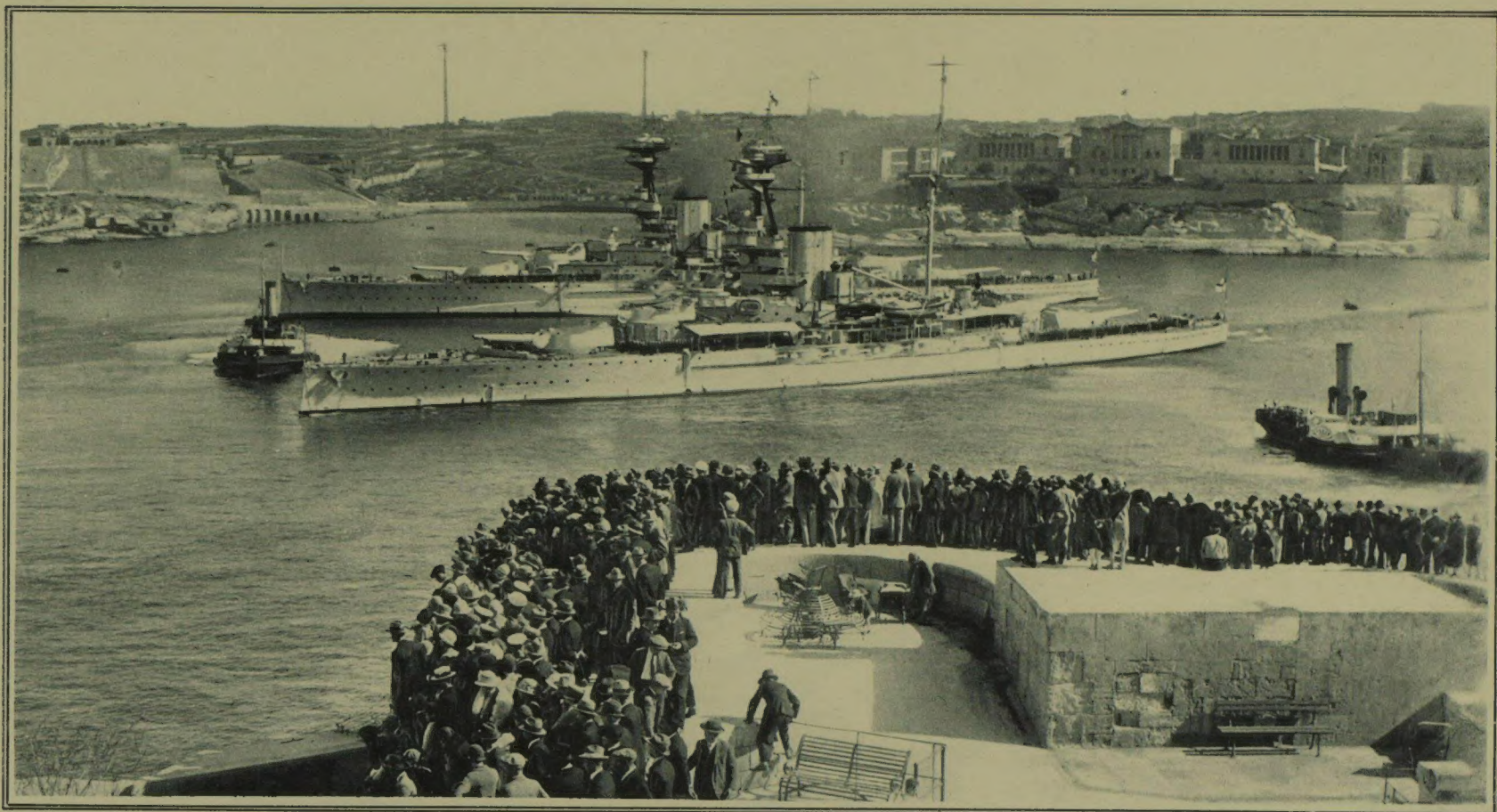


MINERS WHO STROVE TO SAVE COMRADES IN THE CWM PIT, WHERE FIFTY-TWO LIVES WERE LOST: RESCUERS SERVED WITH TEA BY NURSES AND SALVATION ARMY WOMEN.

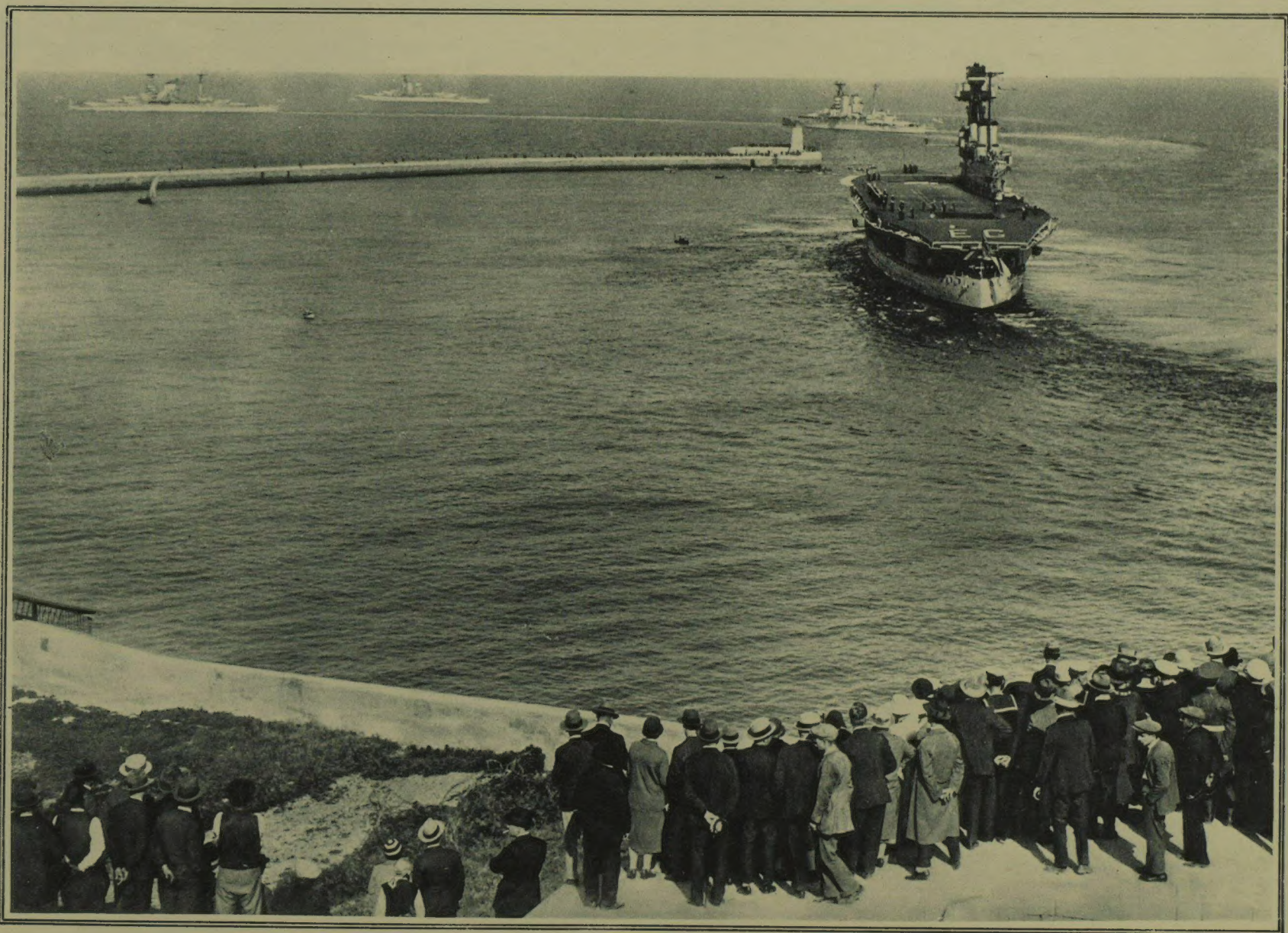
of Commons is, during fog, forced through a chamber packed with cotton-wool, to which dirt particles adhere. Some 3 cwt. of snow-white wool put in it a year ago, impregnated with antiseptics, was recently removed full of dirt.—The King and Queen on March 2 visited the Hunters' Show at the Agricultural Hall.—Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin visited Cwm the day after the colliery disaster. There was some slight booing on their arrival and departure. Mr. Tom Richards, the South Wales Miners' secretary, said at the inquest that the great body of miners felt grateful to the Premier, and especially to his wife, for coming down and expressing their personal sympathy. The little ebullition of feeling should not be magnified.

THE FIGHTS OF THE "REDS" AND THE "BLUES": THE FLEET EXERCISES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.P.



AWAITING THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE ATLANTIC FLEET AND THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET: THE BATTLE-SHIPS "ROYAL SOVEREIGN" (IN FRONT) AND "ROYAL OAK" READY TO LEAVE MALTA FOR GIBRALTAR FOR THE ANNUAL FLEET EXERCISES IN THAT AREA.



THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET LEAVING MALTA FOR THE MANŒUVRES: THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "EAGLE" (DESIGNED ORIGINALLY AS THE "ALMIRANTE COCHRANE," A BATTLE-SHIP FOR CHILE) IN THE FOREGROUND OF THE PICTURE.

Particular interest has been taken in the annual exercises of the Atlantic and Mediterranean Fleets, for economy now dictates that manœuvres of pre-war magnitude are impossible, and, as a consequence, our fleets do not put to sea as often as was their wont. The Atlantic (or "Red") Fleet is under Admiral Sir Henry Oliver; and the Mediterranean (or "Blue") Fleet under Admiral Sir Roger Keyes. The actual strategical exercises were timed to begin at six in the morning on March 9. The general idea was that a "Red" territory

some six hundred miles west of Gibraltar had been invaded by a "Blue" army supported by a "Blue" battle-cruiser and two cruisers, and that "Red" Gibraltar had been invested by a "Blue" battle fleet. The order to the "Red" fleet steaming from the north was that it was to seek to engage the two "Blue" forces before they could unite. Before that there had been other mimic warfare, including a daylight fight in the neighbourhood of Cabo de Gata. Aeroplanes and submarines were engaged.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY "DAILY MAIL," CENTRAL NEWS, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



THE LAST OF THE 400-H.P. RACING CAR ON WHICH MR. J. G. PARRY THOMAS LOST HIS LIFE: TOWING "BABS" TO ITS GRAVE IN PENDINE SANDS.



THE BURIAL OF MR. J. G. PARRY THOMAS, NEAR BROOKLANDS: COLONEL HENDERSON AND MEMBERS OF THE BROOKLANDS STAFF WITNESS THE PASSING OF THE COFFIN.



MAKING HIS ENTRY INTO CHIENGMAI DURING HIS VISIT TO NORTHERN SIAM: KING PRAJATIPOK ON HIS ELEPHANT, SHELTERED BY A STATE UMBRELLA.



FEEDING THE SACRED "BABY": THE QUEEN OF SIAM WITH THE WHITE ELEPHANT BORN OF ONE OF THE BORNEO COMPANY'S TIMBER-ELEPHANTS.



THE VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF SIAM TO CHIENGMAI: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

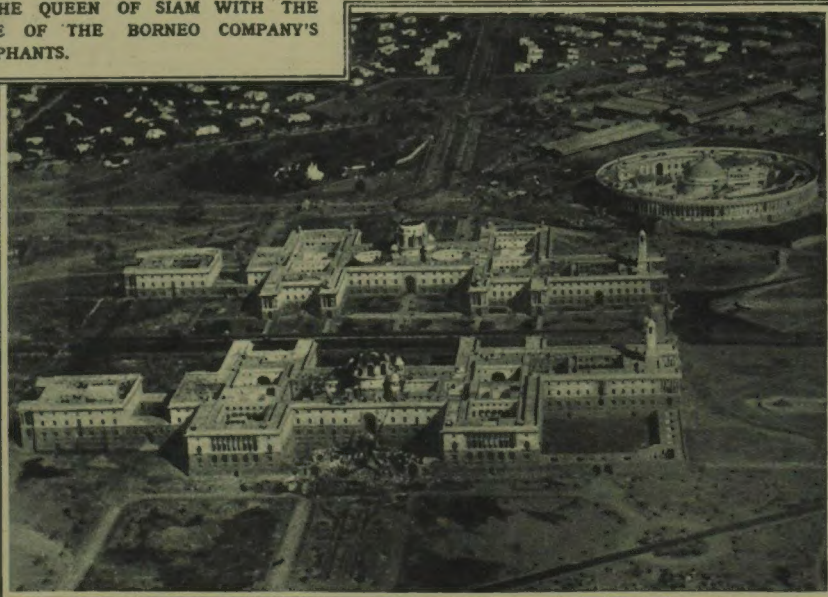


THE VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF SIAM TO CHIENGMAI: HIS MAJESTY KING PRAJATIPOK.



FIRE AT A FORMER RESIDENCE OF KING GEORGE III.: THE BURNING OF THE GLOUCESTER HOTEL, WEYMOUTH.

The funeral of the famous motor-racing driver, Mr. J. G. Parry Thomas, who lost his life on March 3 while attempting to break records on Pendine Sands, took place in the cemetery of Old Byfleet Church, near Brooklands, on the 7th. The dead man's motor-goggles were placed at the head of the coffin. Before that the remains of "Babs," the car on which he met his terrible death, had been buried in the sands of Pendine.—In our issue of December 4 last, we reproduced a number of photographs showing the sacred white elephant born of one of the Borneo Company's timber-elephants, and its ceremonial entry into Chiengmai. It was then arranged that the "baby" should be presented to the King of Siam



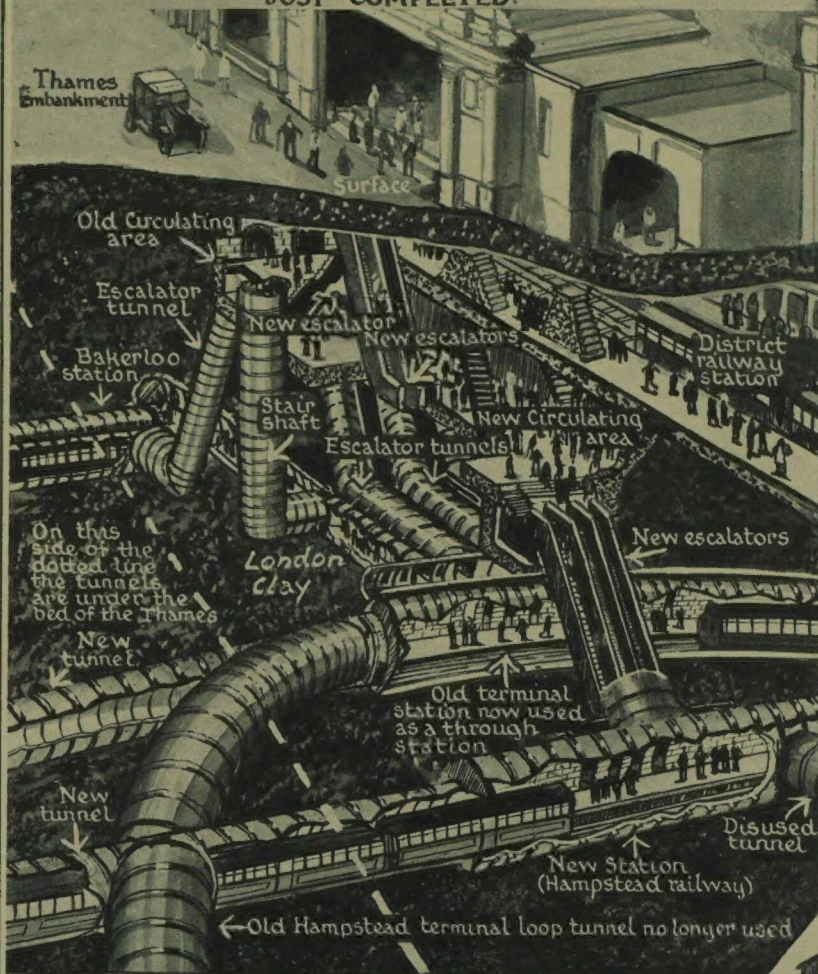
INDIA'S NEW CAPITAL: THE COUNCIL HOUSE AT DELHI (RIGHT BACKGROUND) AND THE SECRETARIATS—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR.

on his special visit to Northern Siam in January and February. His Majesty, accompanied by his Queen, entered Chiengmai in a procession in which eighty-four elephants figured.—The Gloucester Hotel, which is on the sea-front at Weymouth, was partially destroyed by fire on March 3. Formerly, it was a summer residence of King George III., when it was known as Gloucester Lodge.—As our readers are aware, the new capital of India was inaugurated on January 18, when the Viceroy opened the new Council House. This contains the three chambers for the Assembly, the Council of State, and the Council of Princes, and has a domed Durbar Hall in the centre.

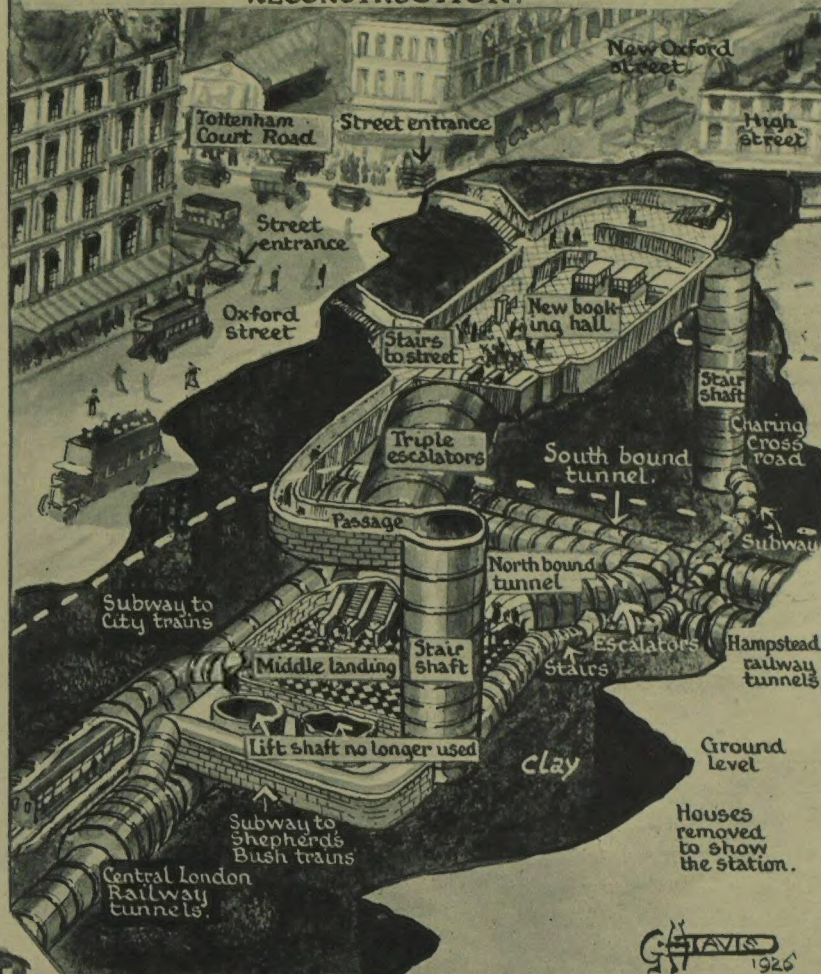
A "PICCADILLY CIRCUS" UNDERGROUND: TUBE STATIONS TRANSFORMED.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY COMPANY.

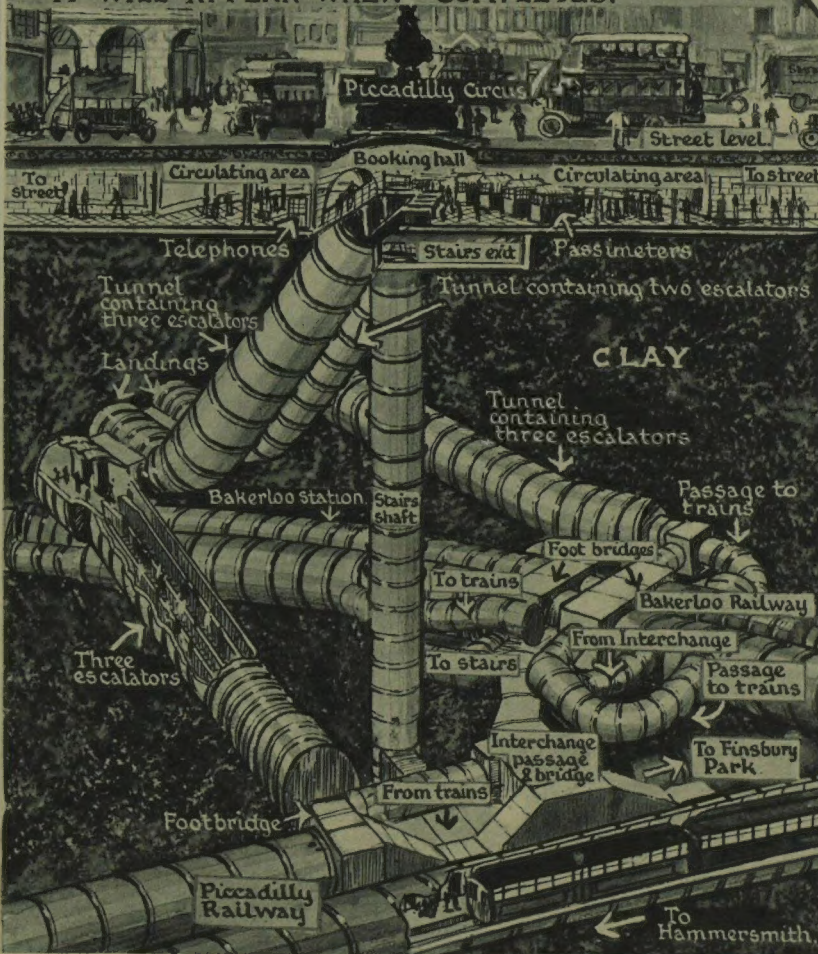
THE RECONSTRUCTED STATION AT CHARING CROSS JUST COMPLETED.



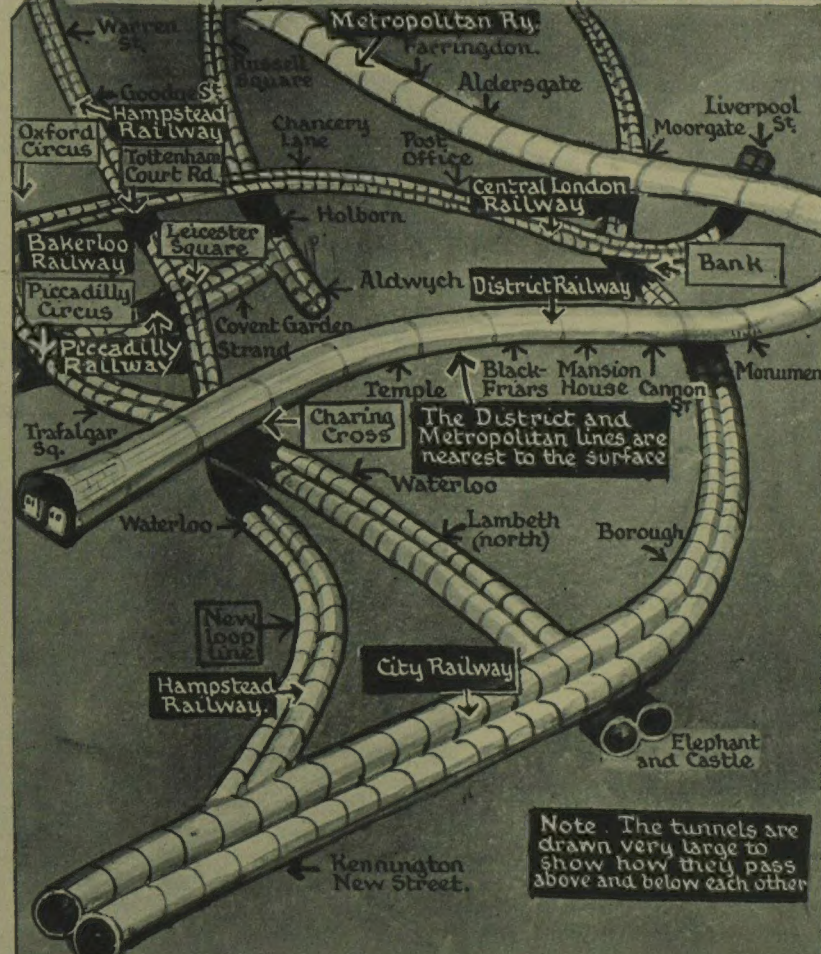
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD STATION AFTER RECONSTRUCTION.



THE GREAT STATION, DEEP UNDER PICCADILLY, AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.



HOW THE RAILWAY TUNNELS, BENEATH THE CENTRE OF LONDON, PASS OVER AND UNDER EACH OTHER.



THE MAZE OF LONDON TUBES: WONDERFUL NEW JUNCTIONS COMPLETED OR IN PROGRESS OF CONSTRUCTION.

The recently published descriptions of the wonderful feats of subterranean engineering now in progress beneath the surface of Piccadilly Circus, and hardly realised by the crowds passing above, lend topical interest to these remarkable diagrams showing what is going on there, and what has been done at Tottenham Court Road and Charing Cross. The increased traffic on the various Tube railways has caused the railway companies concerned to improve their stations and to enlarge and extend their tunnels and lines. Piccadilly Station, now in the course of construction, will, when completed, be the finest subterranean station in the world, provided with numerous escalators and a large booking hall to cope with the rapidly increasing traffic. The circulating area and the booking hall will in reality be another Piccadilly Circus just below the street

level, and may possibly be equipped with shops. A great circular subway is also being made to carry various pipes and electric light cables, while gas mains and sewers have had to be diverted. In all the new Tube stations it is noticeable that the escalator is replacing the lift for rapidly taking the passengers to and from the platforms. We show in the lower right-hand diagram how the Tubes are constructed at varying levels so that they pass over and under each other through the solid clay underlying London. Though at present thirty-three million passengers enter and leave Charing Cross Underground station yearly, it is conjectured that, with the new station in full working order, no fewer than fifty million people will be likely to make use of it in the course of a year.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

The World of the Theatre.

THE POET, THE NOVELIST, AND THE PLAYWRIGHT IN THE THEATRE.

THE admirable little book on "Drama" which Mr. Ashley Dukes has recently added to the Home University Library advances the opinion that the author is not all-important in the theatre. The

Obviously, the play is an artificial thing. The dialogue is not that of real life; a stage meal is not a real one; while stage thunder is only the rattle of a tin tray. The ordered grouping and strict limitation

of characters are in flat contradiction to the chaotic, multitudinous life it mirrors. Mr. Ashley Dukes not only recognises these artifices, but would like to see both playwright and public honest about them. He prefers plays of artifice. But is not every artist a born liar? It is his genius that he can create an illusion of order in chaos, an illusion that the play is "a slice of life." In his latest play, "One More River," I felt that Mr. Dukes's preference for artifice is a denial of art. The only justification for using poetry in place of prose is that its overtones of meaning will carry us further. I never felt that inevitable need in the measured cadences of his blank verse. If the theatre is to become an integral part of the life of the people, it will have to offer much more than the fragile distinction of choice diction. Mr. John Masefield's unromantic "Tristan and Isolt" is not without power in its swift action, but the syllabled iambs of his verse fall flat as prose. He can sound harps in the air when he is moved, but here he is too self-conscious.

while the playgoer ignorant of it is confused by the omissions. The novelist writing for the theatre must think inside it. If Mr. Eden Phillpotts had written "The Blue Comet" from the middle of the stalls he would not have given us a novelist's play. The phrase sums up its defects. The play sprawls because there is no singleness of aim. The interest is divided between a middle-class Hampstead household with its passion for books, blue china, and golden Wyandottes—subject for farce—and the serious problem of how the world would face death if it were doomed at a given hour. Neither theme is developed, and both are so antipathetic to each other that they clash discordantly. Almost without preparation we are switched from an atmosphere of farcical pleasantry into one of earnest solemnity. Not all the art of Mr. Paul Shelving's settings can secure what required time and the elaboration of a novel to achieve—the right mood. Here is enough for two plays, and the novelist's error is in attempting too much. Nature may be a prodigal, but Art is a miser.

The scenario writer for the films, like the novelist, enjoys a spaciousness and freedom denied to the playwright, and Mr. Walter Hackett, in spite of his experience as a man of the theatre, has been led away by screen technique, with its insistence on detail, until he has spoiled a fair joke in "The Wicked Earl." Happily Mr. Cyril Maude is such a genial and accomplished actor that he betters the script. If the producer will open the throttle and bump over the pot-holes of verbiage and incident, he will better it again. How much a producer can do with poor material is illustrated in "Broadway." So skilfully is it handled that it is only when you come away that you realise what has been done for the author. Odd, too, that the only flaw in an otherwise almost perfect "crook" play is where Mr. Somerset Maugham adopts the "flash-back" of the film in "The Letter," at the Playhouse. But this is a play, both in and of the theatre. From the rise of the curtain interest is riveted, and every word of the incisive dialogue, every move of the players, is a marching step forward. The movement in "The Wicked Earl" is that of a spinning top, without progression. In "The Letter" there is no marking time, no dissipation of energy, no surfeit of meaningless incident, no digression, no sacrifice of probability or character. The play is faultlessly produced by Sir Gerald du Maurier and brilliantly acted. We cannot call forth great plays



MR. CYRIL MAUDE'S RETURN TO THE LONDON STAGE FOR A FAREWELL SEASON: "THE WICKED EARL," AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE—THE EARL OF CLARGES (CYRIL MAUDE) IS INTRODUCED TO DESPERADO KIT IN WHISPERING CANYON, NEW MEXICO.

In the photograph the chief figures are Clive Currie as Bad Bill Higgins (left); Cyril Maude as the Earl of Clarges; Stella Arbenina as Mexican Annie; and Alfred Drayton as Death Valley Tomkins (right).—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

dramatist represents one of the four sides in the square of the play, the other three being the producer, the scene-designer, and the players. It is a theory which must stimulate discussion and provoke dissent; yet a play in the theatre is not a play till it walks the stage, any more than the score of a symphony in a concert-hall is music until it is interpreted by the orchestra under the conductor's baton. A play published in book form is still-born. It waits to be expressed in living speech by living people in terms of movement on a background in harmony with itself. I am not going to be so foolish as to say that a play cannot have an existence apart from the stage. A play that is read in the study makes the imagination its platform and has no need for properties; but it is then only a shadow of itself. It was created for the theatre, and, if the dramatist had not reckoned on its production, its plastic and pictorial effects on an audience, he would not have written a play. His story could have been more easily told in a novel, where he would have been his own scenic artist and producer. The fact that the dramatist worked under the discipline imposed by the conditions of the theatre makes the play incomplete until it is on the stage. Immediately the script passes into the playhouse it passes out of the author's hands. All now is in the hands of its interpreters. They may reveal things in it the author never guessed. They can make or mar it. How often have we seen a play ruined by bad production; and how often have we seen an actor save a play in spite of the author! The play comes to its full height when the interpretation is expressive of all that is in it.

I have said the dramatist writing a play for the theatre works under discipline. If you think of the theatre, of scenery, costume, lighting, box-office anxieties, time allowance—for the traffic of the stage rarely exceeds two hours—then you realise the limitations which condition his work. A play that was never meant for the stage, but only cast in that form, knows none of these restrictions. All that matters to the reader is that it shall be rich with life. But literature, if it goes into the theatre, must obey it. Everything must be condensed, concentrated, and accelerated. The stage of a theatre is a narrow cock-pit hemmed in by four walls.

Students of his work know that recurrent weakness. Both these poets in these plays are critics and commentators, but the flowers of poesy are rooted in the heart. The efforts towards a new *rapprochement* between poets and the stage can only succeed when such a tucket is sounded that all men hear.

The theatre is governed externally by its public, and the plays presented are conditioned by its stage. To ignore either is to invite failure. The adaptation of a novel always shows the play at a disadvantage. How can a great novel, written in a medium so different from that of drama, be squeezed into three acts? The novelist knows no necessities of time or space. His qualities lie in his powers of description, his minutiae of observation, his analysis of motives, his style; and these have no place in the theatre. We have seen recently dramatic versions of novels by Hardy, Dostoevsky, George Eliot, and Miss Margaret Kennedy, and in every case they are inferior to the originals. However well intentioned the adapters may be, they bring the theatre into contempt. The reader familiar with the novel is irritated by its vandalism,



"THE LETTER," AT THE PLAYHOUSE: THE "CROSS EXAMINATION OF THE MURDERESS."—MR. LESLIE FABER AS HOWARD JOYCE AND MISS GLADYS COOPER AS LESLIE CROSBIE

Photograph by Dorothy Wilding.

by an edict, but such intelligent production and acting will worthily interpret them when they arrive. Meanwhile let us be grateful to Mr. Maugham for his pattern. He knows exactly what to leave out—and is not that one definition of an artist? G. F. H.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

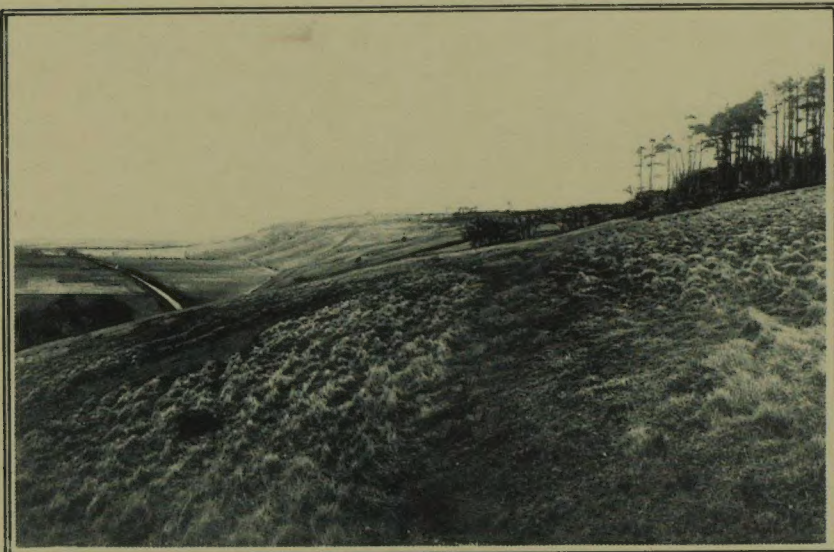
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES," I.B., AND PHOTOPRESS; THAT OF THE DOLLS' HOUSE
BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON AND WOODS.



IN THE SERAPEUM DISCOVERED NEAR LUXOR: LIFTING A SARCOPHAGUS LID
AFTER REMOVAL OF A BRICK VAULT—(IN FOREGROUND) MR. W. B. EMERY;
(IN BACKGROUND) MR. A. R. CALLENDER.



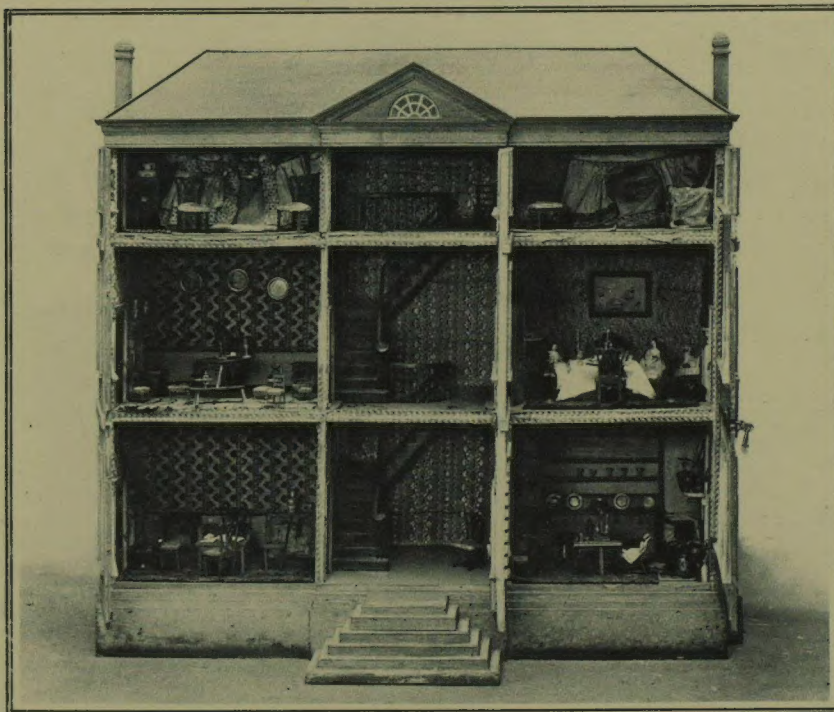
THE FIRST COURT OF THE SUPPOSED SERAPEUM OF THE SACRED BULL,
LATELY FOUND NEAR LUXOR, SHOWING THE TOP OF THE MUD-BRICK VAULT:
EXCAVATIONS BY THE MOND EXPEDITION.



A ZOOLOGICAL PARK FOR ENGLAND: PART OF THE 400-ACRE ESTATE AT ASHRIDGE,
BETWEEN TRING AND LUTON, ACQUIRED BY THE "ZOO" AS A RURAL ANNEX
TO THE GARDENS IN REGENT'S PARK.



PROBABLY THE OLDEST KNOWN MESOPOTAMIAN SCULPTURE: A FRAGMENT
OF LIMESTONE RELIEF DATING FROM ABOUT 3500 B.C., RECENTLY FOUND
AT UR—PERHAPS SHOWING THE FUNERAL OF A PREHISTORIC KING.



A DOLLS' HOUSE AS A MUSEUM OF GEORGIAN FURNITURE AND COSTUME:
THE INTERIOR OF ONE MADE IN 1750 TO REPRESENT AN OLD HOUSE
AT READING, AND INCLUDED IN A RECENT SALE.

Dr. Robert Mond and Mr. W. B. Emery, working for the University of Liverpool Institute of Archaeology, have found near Luxor what is believed to be the Serapeum of the Sacred Bull, in Græco-Roman times the chief glory of Armant (ancient Hermonthis). The demolition of a brick vault disclosed a sarcophagus, dating from about 600 B.C.—The Zoological Society has purchased over 400 acres of the Ashridge estate, between Tring and Luton, to be laid out as a Zoological Park in connection with the "Zoo" in Regent's Park, and to be used as a breeding and exercise ground for the larger animals. It is an ideal place for "Mappin" terraces on a large and natural scale, where sheep, goats, bears, and even perhaps lions and tigers may roam at large.—In a sale at Christie's announced for March 10 was a Georgian dolls' house made about 1750, representing the front of Cane End House, Reading.—The most remarkable of Mr. Leonard Woolley's new discoveries at Ur of the Chaldees, in an ancient cemetery dating between 3500 and 3200 B.C., is a limestone fragment carved in fine relief, and representing a chariot drawn by four lions—perhaps in a royal funeral.—Of the 4d. blue Western Australia stamp of 1854, with the swan printed upside down, fewer than ten copies exist, and one is in the King's collection. A fine copy has fetched £1060.



THE MACHINE USED
FOR THE RECORD
NON-STOP LONDON-
BERLIN FLIGHT IN
4 HOURS 36 MINUTES:
AN IMPERIAL
AIRWAYS
D.H. 50 PASSENGER
AEROPLANE.



BOUGHT FOR £680—BECAUSE THE SWAN IN THE DESIGN IS
UPSIDE DOWN! ONE OF THE VERY FEW SPECIMENS OF THE
4D. BLUE WESTERN AUSTRALIA POSTAGE STAMP OF 1854.

THE LABRADOR AWARD: "DAUGHTER" NATIONS ACCEPT "MATERNAL" RULING.

THREE PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



THE OLDEST FISHING STATION IN LABRADOR, WHERE A LARGE AREA HAS JUST BEEN AWARDED TO NEWFOUNDLAND: THE QUAYSIDE AT BONNE ESPÉRANCE, FOUNDED IN 1860 AND STILL FLOURISHING.



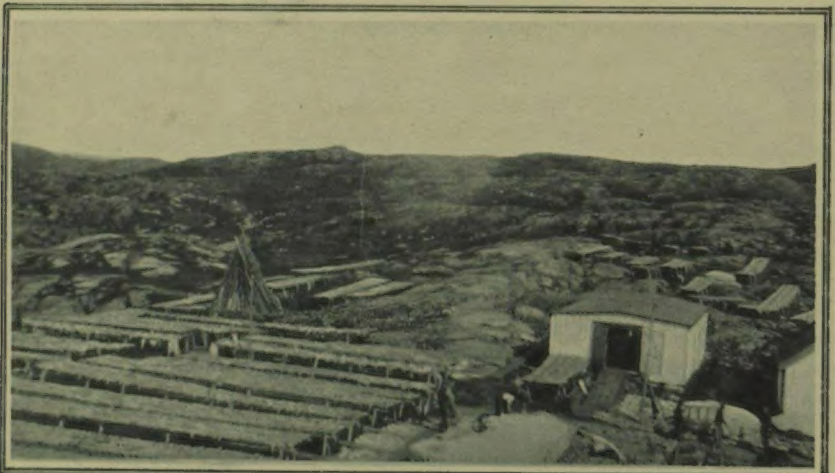
MODERN FISHING METHODS ON THE LABRADOR COAST: A NEW TYPE OF 8-H.P. MOTOR-BOAT BUILT BY LOCAL FISHERMEN—FINE SAFE BOATS CAPABLE OF CARRYING 10 TONS OF FISH IN ROUGH WEATHER.



ON THE COAST OF LABRADOR, WHERE NEWFOUNDLAND NOW RECEIVES ADDITIONAL TERRITORY NEARLY THREE TIMES HER OWN SIZE: ANOTHER VIEW OF FISHING BOATS AT BONNE ESPÉRANCE.



THE "CAPITAL" OF LABRADOR: BELLE HARBOUR — SHOWING CAPTAIN DONALD MACMILLAN'S EXPLORING SHIP, "BOWDOIN," IN WHICH HE SOUGHT TRACES OF EARLY NORSE COLONISTS, AND FOUND RUINS ON SCULPIN ISLAND.



LABRADOR FISHERIES, HITHERTO THE CHIEF INDUSTRY IN THAT TERRITORY: THE METHOD OF DRYING THE FISH, WHICH ARE SPREAD OUT ON LONG TABLE-LIKE STRUCTURES IN THE OPEN AIR.



IN NORTHERN LABRADOR, WHERE GOLD MAY EXIST: PART OF A REGION AWARDED TO NEWFOUNDLAND BY THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL.

A friendly dispute of long standing between Canada and Newfoundland, regarding the frontier of Labrador, was settled on March 1 by the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. It was asked to interpret the existing State documents of 1763, which provided for the colonial administration in that region, and the question turned largely on the meaning of the word "coasts," which had been assigned to Newfoundland. After fourteen days' hearing, the Committee decided, on all the evidence, that "coasts" meant, not a narrow strip of shore,



LABRADOR'S NEW INDUSTRY—TIMBER FOR PAPER-MAKING: ST. PAUL'S INLET, SHOWING PART OF THE GREAT SPRUCE FORESTS VALUED AT £50,000,000.

as suggested by Canada, but the whole hinterland, as claimed by Newfoundland. The Committee therefore decided in favour of Newfoundland, which thus acquires a vast territory three times as large as the island itself, containing great natural resources in timber, minerals, and water for hydro-electric power. Hitherto practically the only industry of Labrador has been the fisheries, but the development of paper-making from wood-pulp has given new value to a region rich in spruce fir forests, valued at £50,000,000.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS, RUSSELL, S. AND G., SWAINE, AND P. AND A.



MR. CHARLES TATE REGAN, F.R.S.
New Director of the Natural History Departments, British Museum. Became Keeper of Zoology in 1921.



MRS. BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.
Died on March 7 (aged 60), after injuries received when she was knocked down by a motor-car. Well-known novelist and journalist.



THE REV. W. T. B. HAYTER.
The new Master of Charterhouse. Vicar of Dorking, Surrey. Aged 68. Dean of Gibraltar from 1913 until 1921.



MRS. EDITH FERNIE.
Accidentally killed on the railway line at Woodhall Spa, Lincolnshire, on February 28. Widow of the Master of the Fernie Hunt, and for a time Master herself.



MR. HENRY FROWDE.
Died on March 3; aged eighty-six. Publisher to the University of Oxford from 1883 until March 1913. Became manager of the London office in 1874.



THE MEETING OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CHINA STATION AND THE GENERAL OFFICER COMMANDING THE SHANGHAI DEFENCE FORCE: VICE-ADMIRAL SIR REGINALD TYRWHITT AND MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN DUNCAN ON THE QUARTER-DECK OF H.M.S. "HAWKINS," AT SHANGHAI.



DR. A. W. CROSSLEY, C.M.G., C.B.E., F.R.S.
Died on March 5; aged 58. Distinguished chemist associated with the cotton industry. Resigned post of Director of the British Cotton Industry Research Association last week.



THE LITTLE CROWN PRINCE OF PERSIA AS A PUPIL AT THE MILITARY COLLEGE, TEHERAN: TAKING A DICTATION LESSON AT THE BLACKBOARD.
After the revolution in Persia in 1926, Riza Khan became Shah, as Riza Shah Pahlevi. He is a graduate of the Imperial Staff College, St. Petersburg.



A MUCH-DISCUSSED SCULPTOR AND A WORK SHOWN AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES: MR. FRANK DOBSON AND "TALLULAH BANKHEAD."

In a long article in the "Times" the other day, Mr. Frank Dobson was classed, with Messrs. Jacob Epstein and Eric Gill, as one of our three "good sculptors."

Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt assumed command in January. His fighting during the Great War included the raid on Zeebrugge. Sir John Duncan saw service in India, in South Africa, at Gallipoli, and in Macedonia, and, later, he was Major-General, General Staff, Army of the Black Sea.—The resignation of Dr. Arthur William Crossley was announced on the day of his death. He was the Director of the British Cotton Industry Association's Shirley Institute, at Didsbury. During the Great War he was Secretary to the Chemical Warfare Committee of the Ministry of Munitions; and, later, he was Commandant and Superintendent of the

experimental station of the Royal Engineers at Porton.—In connection with the Exhibition of sculpture and drawings by Mr. Frank Dobson, we quote the "Times": "We talk about the native deficiency in plastic feeling, but, as a matter of fact—not counting the several admirable craftsmen, occasionally something better, who exhibit regularly at the Royal Academy—we have three good sculptors: Mr. Jacob Epstein, Mr. Eric Gill, and Mr. Frank Dobson. . . . Of the three, and in view of the monumental function of sculpture, Mr. Dobson is probably the most important,"

"These Men 'Whose Minds all Wore my Livery.'"

"REVOLT IN THE DESERT." By T. E. LAWRENCE.*

"THE heat of Arabia came out like a drawn sword." It was October in 1916. Storrs and Lawrence went to Jeddah. To them rode Abdulla, son of Hussein, astride a white mare, "a bevy of richly-armed slaves on foot about him."

For months the rebellion of the Grand Sherif of Mecca against the Turks had been standing still, "which, with

hundred riders were "Ashraf, of the Aiaishi (Juheina) stock, known Sherifs, but only acknowledged in the mass, since they had not inscribed pedigrees. They wore rusty-red tunics henna-dyed, under black cloaks, and carried swords. Each had a slave crouched behind him on the crupper to help him with rifle and dagger in the fight, and to watch his camel and cook for him on the road."

At Wejeh tactics and politics each had their day. "The roads to Wejeh swarmed with envoys and volunteers, and great sheikhs riding in to swear allegiance. . . . Feisal swore new adherents solemnly on the Koran between his hands, 'to wait while he waited, march when he marched, to yield obedience to no Turk, to deal kindly with all who spoke Arabic (whether Bagdadi, Aleppine, Syrian, or pure-blooded) and to put independence above life, family, and goods.'" Blood-enemies distantly recognised introductions to blood-enemies. Auda entered the tent, Auda abu Tayi, a knight errant, impatient of delay, anxious to acquire merit for Arab freedom in his lands. "Suddenly Auda scrambled to his feet with a loud 'God forbid,' and flung from the tent. We stared at one another," says Lawrence, "and there came a noise of hammering outside. I went after to learn what it meant, and there was Auda bent over a rock pounding his false teeth to fragments with a stone. 'I had forgotten,' he explained, 'Jemal Pasha gave me these. I was eating my Lord's bread with Turkish teeth!'"

In the May Lawrence marched to rouse the Howeitat in their spring pastures of the Syrian desert and raise a mobile camel-force. On the way railway lines were dynamited and telegraph wires cut; but the road was not smooth. The dry wind, with a furnace taste, cracked open shrivelled lips; dust of the desert rasped the flesh; the sun burnt in; shifting mirage disguised height and distance; water failed; and all slept lying on their bellies, to prevent the inflation of foodlessness. Then success and feasts of the tribes—the giving of gold, 'charges' by the potent 'horsemen of St. George,' the sovereigns we know no more; and embarrassing communal meals, mutton—accompanied by whole and horrid heads—and rice, eaten greedily from fat-burnt fingers.

So to the march once more; and snakes that squirmed under the blankets for warmth, accidental "gifts" of irritating insects, blocked and polluted wells, news of a Turkish massacre at Fuweilah, bridge-destruction, sniping when rifles grew so hot with sun and shooting that they seared the hands, a camel rush that broke the enemy retreating to Maan—and Auda with six bullets through his garments but scatheless, praise be, he believed, to an amulet Koran he had bought years before for a hundred and twenty pounds: it was a Glasgow reproduction, priced at eightpence! As to the tribesmen: "To an Arab an essential part of the triumph of victory was to wear the clothes of an enemy: and next day we saw our force transformed (as to the upper half) into a Turkish force, each man in a soldier's tunic."

Thence to Akaba, with Lawrence wearied of these men ("whose minds all wore my livery"); and, for him, Cairo—and Allenby, "hardly prepared for anything so odd as myself," he writes: "a little bare-footed silk-skirted man offering to hobble the enemy by his preaching if given stores and arms and a fund of two hundred thousand sovereigns to convince and control his converts"; but duly persuaded, although he seemed to find it difficult to make out "how much was genuine performer and how much charlatan."

Thus began the second phase. The Arabs ranked as a part of the organised British campaign. The Arab Movement was in full being. "Pricking the enemy" was the order of the day and of the night. The Air Force bombed; parties that were as beads of a broken necklace were re-threaded; raid followed raid; posts were captured; bridges, lines, locomotives, and carriages hurtled into the air, leaving much loot, the life-blood of tribes half frenzied with fighting; and there were those "démolitions de luxe" which deprived the foe of the Amman and Damascus railways, an orgy of explosions which raised steel "tulips" above the sleepers, humping the rails upwards until they looked like buds—devastating doings calling for supreme endurance, courage and invention; the facing of pestilential sun and deceptive snow, hail, sleet, rain, "stifling air like a metal mask over the face"; swaying and skidding on camel-back on sand and lava, in slush and drift; weariness of mind and

torture of body, thirst and starvation, hasty air-flights, the will to win through, the power to set up a superstructure of victory on a foundation of failure.

And all the while the need to placate and enrol the "precarious Princes of the Desert," that the "wild-man show" might prove itself something more than a fantastic adventure from a new "Arabian Nights." Lawrence writes of a conference at El Jefer. "Many times in such councils had Feisal won over and set aflame new tribes, many times had the work fallen to me; but never until to-day had we been actively together in one company, reinforcing and relaying one another, from our opposite poles; and the work went like child's play; the Rualla melted in our double heat. We could move them with a touch and a word. There was tenseness, a holding of breath, the glitter of belief in their thin eyes so fixed on us."

In such wise the great game was played; in such wise wiles of the West and of the East pitted themselves against the rivalries of nomads and the forces of the foe; at the end was Damascus with the Arab flag flaunted over the Town Hall. "The men tossed up their turbans to cheer, the women tore off their veils. Householders threw flowers, hangings, carpets into the road before us: their wives leaned, screaming with laughter, through the lattices and splashed us with bath-dippers of scent. Poor dervishes made themselves our running footmen in front and behind, howling and cutting themselves with frenzy; and over the local cries and the shrilling of women came the measured roar of men's voices chanting 'Feisal, Nasir, Shukri, Urens,' in waves which began here, rolled along the squares, through the market, down long streets to East Gate, round the wall, back up the Meidan; and grew to a wall of shouts around us by the citadel." And a Muedhdhin, sending his call of last prayer, rang out: "... 'God alone is great: there is no God—but God. . . . And He is very good to us this day, O people of Damascus!' The clamour hushed. . . ."

"Revolt in the Desert" is a book of the highest merit, a master classic of the future. E. H. G.

OUR SUPPLEMENT: THE FLEMISH ART EXHIBITION.

WE have reproduced from time to time in our pages some of the most interesting pictures from the great Exhibition of Flemish and Belgian Art held at Burlington House, and brought to a close there on March 5. This week we are offering our readers, as a souvenir of this memorable artistic event, a special supplement containing a still larger selection from the best pictures that were exhibited at the Royal Academy, and are now dispersed again among their various owners. We feel sure that this memorial supplement will be of particular interest, especially in view of the fact that, as mentioned at the closing



THE AIR FORCE IN ACTION: BOMBING THE TURKISH RETREAT IN WADI FARA.

From the Drawing by S. Carline. Reproduced from "Revolt in the Desert," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Jonathan Cape.

ceremony by Sir Frank Dicksee, P.R.A., during the forty-nine days for which the exhibition was open, it was attended by 150,095 visitors, who paid for admittance, besides some 10,000 season-ticket holders. Speaking on that occasion, the Belgian Ambassador, Baron Moncheur, said: "All lovers of art will join with me in gratitude to those who achieved this display of the masterpieces of Flemish and Belgian Art through five centuries."



THE AUTHOR OF "REVOLT IN THE DESERT": COL. T. E. LAWRENCE—BY AUGUSTUS JOHN, A.R.A.

Reproduced from "Revolt in the Desert," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Jonathan Cape.

an irregular war, was the prelude to disaster." Lawrence had determined that lack of leadership was the fault: "not intellect, nor judgment, nor political wisdom, but the flame of enthusiasm that would set the desert on fire." He watched and weighed his man, seeking the master-spirit. It was not there. "I became more and more sure," he writes, "that Abdulla was too balanced, too cool, too humorous to be a prophet: especially the armed prophet who, if history be true, succeeded in revolutions." His eyes turned elsewhere: there was a vision of Feisal, in camp. The Grand Sherif was rung up and agreed reluctantly that Lawrence might go up country.

Feisal was at Hamra, in Wadi Safra. The camels knelt by the yard gate of a long, low house. "Tafas," records Lawrence, "said something to a slave who stood there with silver-hilted sword in hand. He led me to an inner court, on whose further side, framed between the uprights of a black doorway, stood a white figure waiting tensely for me. I felt at first glance that this was the man I had come to Arabia to seek—the leader who would bring the Arab Revolt to full glory. Feisal looked very tall and pillar-like, very slender, in his long white silk robes and his brown headcloth bound with a brilliant scarlet and gold cord. His eyelids were dropped; and his black beard and colourless face were like a mask against the strange, still watchfulness of his body. His hands were crossed in front of him on his dagger." Here was the prophet; and with him was Maulud el Mukhlus, the warrior, the Arab zealot of Tekrit.

Frank and free discussion revealed a grave shortage of supplies. "They got thirty thousand pounds a month from the Sherif, but little flour and rice, little barley, few rifles, insufficient ammunition, no machine-guns, no mountain guns, no technical help, no information."

Lawrence talked plans for the future; and walked amongst the men, testing them. "They were in wild spirits, shouting that the war might last ten years. It was the fattest time the hills had ever known. The Sherif was feeding not only the fighting men, but their families, and paying two pounds a month for a man, four for a camel. Nothing else would have performed the miracle of keeping a tribal army in the field for five months on end." More: there was booty to be had.

Lawrence went to Cairo after having reported to the Sirdar, and in a day or two returned to Arabia, unwillingly. With Feisal again, he adopted Arab dress: "The tribesmen would then understand how to take me. The only wearers of khaki in their experience had been Turkish officers, before whom they took up an instinctive defence. If I wore Meccan clothes, they would behave to me as though I were really one of the leaders."

Feisal fell back on Yenbo: even "the real guns: the Importance of their noise" could not prevent that. Then he struck north, splendidly, barbarically, with banners flying and the chanting of poets; with him, amongst the others, Sherif Mohammed Ali abu Sharrain, whose three

* "Revolt in the Desert." By T. E. Lawrence. (Jonathan Cape; 30s. net.)

FUNERALS OF EAST AND WEST: JAPAN'S EMPEROR; AND WELSH MINERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, I.B., G.P.U., AND PHOTOPRESS.



JAPAN'S LAST HOMAGE TO THE LATE EMPEROR YOSHIHITO: A VAST CROWD AT TOKIO BOWING BAREHEADED TOWARDS THE FUNERAL SHRINE AT SHINJUKU, ON THE NIGHT OF THE PROCESSION.



A MEMORIAL SERVICE BEFORE A SIMPLE ALTAR, DRAPED WITH MATTING AND SURMOUNTED BY A PORTRAIT OF THE LATE EMPEROR: AN INCIDENT OF THE IMPERIAL FUNERAL CEREMONIES IN JAPAN.



DISASTER FOLLOWS DISASTER AT CWM: THE WRECK OF THE OVERTURNED MOTOR-COACH BRINGING MOURNERS TO THE MINERS' FUNERAL, TWO PASSENGERS BEING KILLED AND OVER TWENTY INJURED.



SOLDIERS LIFTING THE COFFIN (DRAPED IN THE UNION JACK) OF AN EX-SERVICE MAN AMONG THE DEAD MINERS THROUGH A GROUND-FLOOR WINDOW: AN INCIDENT OF THE CWM FUNERAL.



A WHOLE MINING DISTRICT IN MOURNING: PART OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION AT CWM OF TWENTY MINERS KILLED IN THE MARINE COLLIERY DISASTER.

The funeral of the late Emperor Yoshihito of Japan (already illustrated in our last issue) began in Tokio on the evening of February 7, with a great procession to a Funeral Hall three or four miles from the city. Here had been erected two large pavilions, in which were thousands of official mourners, and between them a Shinto shrine made of unstained new wood, where priests conducted the last rites. At midnight the coffin was taken by train to Asakawa, and there buried next day in a mausoleum.—The funeral of 20 of the 52 miners killed in the Marine Colliery disaster took place at Cwm on March 6, and the sadness of the occasion was intensified by a fatal accident. A motor-coach bringing



WITH A MILITARY ESCORT FOR ONE HEARSE, CONTAINING THE BODY OF AN EX-SERVICE MAN: THE CWM CORTÈGE NEAR THE SCENE OF THE MOTOR-COACH ACCIDENT.

some forty mourners from Blackwood, in the Tredegar Valley, crashed through a fence at a sharp bend in the road at Cwm, and fell 20 ft. into the railway siding of the colliery where the pit explosion occurred. Two men among the passengers were killed, and twenty-three other people were injured, four seriously. Owing to the crowds, it was difficult to get the ambulances, which were all in the procession, to the scene of the accident. The funeral cortège was three miles long, and all the 100,000 people present were there as mourners, not spectators. Practically the whole mining population of the western valley of Monmouth had assembled. The burial was in a cemetery on a hill overlooking the colliery.

ELEPHANTS IN THE AFRICAN BUSH: A BATHING PARTY; A BIG BULL.

ILLUSTRATIONS REPRODUCED FROM "OUT IN THE BLUE." BY VIVIENNE DE WATTEVILLE, F.R.G.S. BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. METHUEN. (SEE REVIEW ON A LATER PAGE.)



"THEY WOULD STRETCH UP THEIR TRUNKS TO PLUCK THE OVERHANGING GREENERY AND THEN VOLUPTUOUSLY . . . SINK BACK INTO THE WATER": ELEPHANTS BATHING IN THE UASO NYIRO NEAR THE LORIAN SWAMP.



"THE ELEPHANTS SUDDENLY GOT OUR WIND. TRUNKS WENT ALOFT AND BIG, WET EARS WERE SPREAD OUT AS THEY STARTED TO COME TOWARDS US": THE DISTURBED BATHERS TAKE ALARM.



"AT THAT INSTANT THE BUSHES DIVIDED BEFORE THE BULL . . . THE ELEPHANT HESITATED, SUSPECTING DANGER, YET UNABLE TO LOCATE IT": THE FIRST SIGHT OF THE BULL WITH THE BROKEN TUSK.



"HE CAME DOWN THE PATH TOWARDS US, VERY DELIBERATE, AND HIS EARS SPREAD OUT . . . THIS GLORIOUS BEAST BEARING DOWN UPON US LIKE A SHIP UNDER FULL SAIL": THE BULL ADVANCING.

Describing a herd of elephants on the Uaso Nyiro River in East Africa, Miss de Watteville says: "Five elephants were plunging in the water. Sometimes they would stretch up their trunks to pluck the overhanging greenery, and then, voluptuously almost, they would let themselves sink back into the water. . . . The elephants suddenly got our wind. Trunks went aloft and big, wet ears were spread out as they started to come towards us; and then they turned, spray flying, and tore their way up the far bank." Later, in the Lorian Swamp, she and her father had another adventure with elephants. "There was nothing shootable among

them; the bull had a broken tusk, and here at last was a chance for the camera. . . . At that instant the bushes divided before the bull. . . . The elephant hesitated, suspecting danger, yet unable to locate it. Then, making up his mind, he came down the path towards us, very deliberate, and his ears spread out. . . . I tried to . . . stand firm before this glorious beast bearing down upon us like a ship under full sail." How successful she was, the excellent photographs show. Miss de Watteville was on a collecting expedition with her father, and pluckily carried it on after his death from the mauling of a lion.

BIG-GAME HUNTING IN AFRICA: III.—ELEPHANT.

DRAWN AND DESCRIBED BY RAOUL MILLAIS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



THE African elephant is fast disappearing from his native haunts. The progress of modern civilisation and the persistent attacks of the native and white ivory hunter are chiefly responsible for this, and, although much has been done by the game preservation authorities, poaching cannot be entirely suppressed, owing to the vastness of the country over which they have jurisdiction. Nowadays there are few professional elephant hunters, *i.e.*, those who hunt for the sole purpose of obtaining as much ivory as possible for pecuniary purposes), owing to the restrictions put upon their business by the game laws. The licences issued by the authorities allow one or two elephants per year to each hunter; though this, of course, varies according to the district or local game laws. The actual hunting of the elephant calls for great perseverance and endurance on the part of the hunter, for he must be prepared to trek all day in the scorching heat, and often through almost impenetrable bush, in order to come up with his quarry before nightfall."

CORRECT AIM—OR DEATH: AN INFURIATED BULL ELEPHANT CHARGING A HUNTER WITH UPRaised TRUNK.

The larger illustration depicts the moment when an infuriated bull has got the hunter's wind as he creeps up for a close shot, and, with trunk upraised, crashes down upon him. There is no time for the man to extricate himself from the undergrowth, and it is here he needs a steady nerve for a head shot, up into the base of the trunk. If he should fail to place the shot correctly he will be trampled to death in a few seconds or the trunk will be brought down on his head with the force of a sledge hammer. The smaller illustrations show the elephant in various normal attitudes. His enormous ears appear somewhat like battered umbrellas,

and he uses them to fan himself. It is a wonderful sight to see a large herd apparently asleep at midday, slowly flapping their ears, while the tick birds (the lesser egret) hover above them like white butterflies, occasionally alighting on their great backs to pick off the insects. Curiously enough, the elephant has indifferent eyesight, and the hunter is far more often winded than seen. Elephant hunting perhaps provides more thrills than any other form of hunting, but the secret of success is never to fire a shot until one is certain of being able to make it a deadly one. An elephant will carry a lot of lead if it is not in the right place.

THE 5000-YEARS "MYSTERY" TOMB OF HETEPHERES: THE MOTHER OF CHEOPS.



1. THE SECRET BURIAL-PLACE TO WHICH CHEOPS (THE PYRAMID-BUILDER) TRANSFERRED THE BODY OF HIS MOTHER, HETEPHERES, AFTER THIEVES HAD VIOLATED HER ORIGINAL TOMB: THE MOUTH OF THE 98-FT. SHAFT CUT IN SOLID ROCK NEAR GIZA.



4. THE ENTRANCE TO THE SECRET TOMB OF HETEPHERES SEEN FROM THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS: THE CEMETERY, SHOWING THE MOUTH OF THE SHAFT (MARKED BY ARROW) AND (BEYOND) MANTAR'S TOMBS OF CHILDREN OF CHEOPS.



2. A NICHE IN THE ROCK-CUT SHAFT CONTAINING BULL BONES AND BEER-JARS: SACRIFICIAL OFFERINGS DEPOSITED BY CHEOPS AS THE WORK OF SHAFT-BLOCKING NEARED COMPLETION.

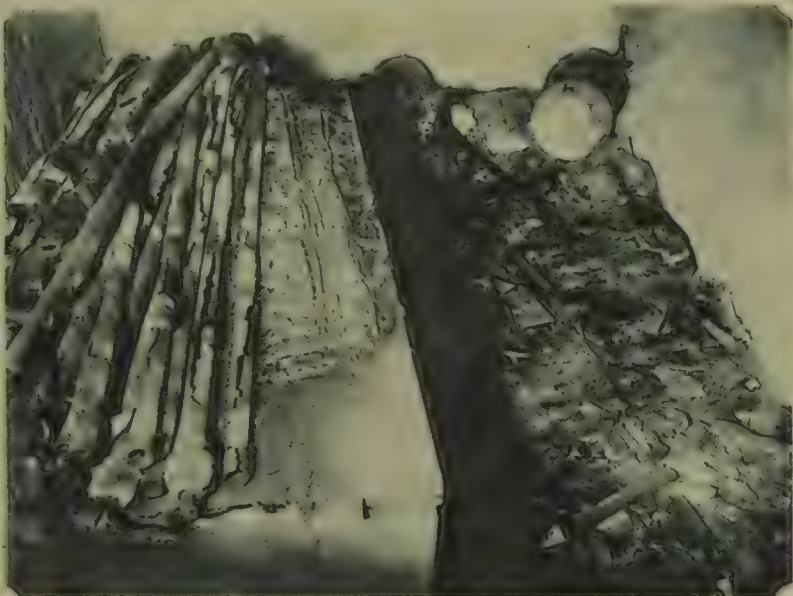


3. BEAMS OF THE DISMANTLED CANOPY FROM THE QUEEN'S ORIGINAL TOMB PLACED ON THE SARCOPHAGUS IN THE SECRET SEPULCHRE, AND FALLEN BETWEEN THE SARCOPHAGUS AND THE WALL.

ONE of the chief archaeological events in Egypt, since the Tomb of Tutankhamen (18th Dynasty, about 1350 B.C.) came to light was the discovery at Giza, near the Pyramids, of the secret burial-place of Queen Hetepheres, mother of Cheops (Khufu), builder of the Great Pyramid that bears his name. This discovery is the result of several years' research by the Joint Expedition of Harvard University and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, directed by Dr. George A. Reisner, who has recently contributed to the "Times" a full and deeply interesting account of the work. Hetepheres was the wife of Sneferuw, the first Pharaoh of Dynasty IV., who reigned about 3000 B.C., father of Cheops and ancestor of the Kings who built the Pyramids. The Queen's sepulchre, therefore, is nearly 5000 years old. "This intact tomb," writes Dr. Reisner in his first article, "presented for the first time in the history of Egyptian excavation an opportunity of studying the burial of a great personage of an early period, 1500 years older than the royal tombs of the New Kingdom. Looking in from a small opening, the excavators had seen a beautiful alabaster sarcophagus with its lid in place. Partly on the sarcophagus and partly fallen behind it lay about twenty gold-cased poles and beams of a large canopy. On the western edge of the sarcophagus were spread several sheets of gold inlaid with faience, and on the floor there was a confused mass of gold-cased furniture." The tomb was a secret one, at the bottom of a shaft nearly 100 ft. deep, the mouth of which was discovered through a photographer observing a patch of plaster on a rock-scarp. The shaft had been filled up with masonry, which all had to be removed. About 30 ft. down a niche was found in the side of the

(Continued opposite.)

WHERE CHEOPS HID HIS MOTHER'S BODY: HER SECRET SEPULCHRE.



1. THE TOP OF THE SARCOPHAGUS (LEFT) WITH POLES OF THE DISMANTLED CANOPY ON IT, AND ON THE FLOOR A LITTER OF FUNERARY OBJECTS: THE TOMB LOOKING SOUTH THROUGH A HOLE AT NORTH END (SEE NO. 3).



2. A COPPER EWER AND BASIN (FOR WASHING AFTER MEALS) WITH FRAGMENTS OF INLAY WORK ON PARTS OF A JEWEL BOX: ARTICLES FOUND IN THE SECRET TOMB OF QUEEN HETEPHERES.



3. THE SARCOPHAGUS (RIGHT), RECENTLY OPENED AND FOUND EMPTY, IN HETEPHERES' TOMB: A VIEW NORTH, SHOWING PART OF WEST WALL (LEFT), THAT HAS A RECESS WHERE IT WAS HOPED TO FIND THE MUMMY.



4. THE INSCRIBED GOLD CASING OF THE JEWEL-BOX LID: PART OF THE CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE FOR IDENTIFYING THE TOMB AS THAT OF QUEEN HETEPHERES—A VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS THE EAST WALL.



5. COLLAPSED REMAINS OF AN INLAID BOX (BEARING THE NAME OF SNEFERUW, FATHER OF CHEOPS) FORMERLY CONTAINING CLOTH CURTAINS OF THE CANOPY: THE TOP OF THE SARCOPHAGUS.



6. ONE OF TWO SETS OF THE QUEEN'S ANKLETS, OR DEBEN-RINGS, FOUND IN HER TOMB: EACH ANKLET GRADUATED TO FIT THE LEG, AND INLAID WITH A DRAGON-FLY IN MALACHITE, LAPIS LAZULI, AND RED CARNELIAN.

Continued.

shaft, and thought at first to be the tomb, but proved to be a sacrificial offering consisting of the skull and three legs of a bull, wrapped in a mat, two beer-jars, and some charcoal. The digging went on. At 98 ft. was found "the only intact tomb discovered at that time (March 8, 1925) of a royal personage before Dynasty XII." The identification of the tomb as that of Hetepheres was proved by inscriptions. Dr. Reisner became convinced that the deposit was a re-burial. "The original tomb of Queen Hetepheres," he says, "was without doubt made by her husband, Sneferuw, beside his pyramid at Dahshur. She outlived her husband and was buried by her son, Cheops. The condition of

the contents of the Giza tomb proves that thieves had broken into the Dahshur tomb. When the royal police discovered this fact, Cheops ordered the body, brought to Giza, to be placed in a secret tomb." It is a small chamber (10 ft. by 15 ft.) cut, like the shaft, in the solid rock. A few days ago (March 3) the sarcophagus was at last opened, but proved to be empty—a great disappointment. Dr. Reisner, however, still hoped to find the mummy, believing that Cheops had hidden it, as an extra precaution against robbers, instead of placing it in the sarcophagus. The next step in the search was to open a concealed recess which had been discovered in the west wall of the chamber.

THE CHINA SCENE: TROOPS OF THE ANKUOCHUN ("COUNTRY TRANQUILLIZING ARMY"); BRITISH LANDINGS AT SHANGHAI.

MAP SUPPLIED BY THE "TIMES".
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL AND I.B.



THE THEATRE OF CIVIL WAR IN CHINA: A MAP OF THE FIGHTING AREA, SHOWING THE RIVER YANGTZE (THE MAIN DIVIDING LINE BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH) AND THE REGION BETWEEN HANGCHOW AND SHANGHAI, WHERE A DECISIVE BATTLE WAS EXPECTED.



THE PRUSSIAN GOOSE-STEP ADOPTED IN THE CHINESE NORTHERN ARMY: A SQUAD OF ANKUOCHUN TROOPS, IN CLOSE-BRIMMED SOFT HATS, DRILLING ON PARADE.



TYPICAL UNIFORMS OF THE ANKUOCHUN FORCES: MEN OF GENERAL CHANG TSUNG-CHANG'S NEW ARMY BROUGHT TO DEFEND SHANGHAI AGAINST THE CANTONESE.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE 2ND GLOUCESTERS AND THE 2ND DURHAM LIGHT INFANTRY AT SHANGHAI: THE FIRST LANDING OF BRITISH WHITE TROOPS ON CHINESE SOIL FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.



AN ANKUOCHUN MACHINE-GUN SECTION IN A CHINESE VILLAGE: MEN OF SUN CHUAN-FANG'S ARMY.



WEARING "TRIBLY" HATS, AND SWORDS: OFFICERS OF SUN CHUAN-FANG'S ARMY.



MODERN WEAPONS AND EQUIPMENT IN THE CHINESE CIVIL WAR: ANOTHER ANKUOCHUN MACHINE-GUN, SHOWING THE CARTRIDGE-BELT.



BRITISH BLUEJACKETS FROM H.M.S. "HAWKINS" (FLAG-SHIP) AND "ENTERPRISE" MARCHING THROUGH SHANGHAI: A DISPLAY OF BRITISH NAVAL FORCE.



HUTS OF MATTING BUILT IN JESSFIELD PARK, SHANGHAI, FOR BRITISH TROOPS: PREPARATIONS FOR BILLETING THE DEFENCE FORCE.

The advance guard of the Shanghai Defence Force—the 2nd Battalion Gloucester Regiment and the 2nd Battalion Durham Light Infantry—landed at Shanghai on February 14, accompanied by their own bands and that of H.M.S. "Hawkins," and marched through the Settlement to their billets. "There was a great display of enthusiasm," says a Reuters message of that date. "Whatever the Nationalist propaganda may pretend, the overwhelming majority of the Chinese here are delighted with the protection that Great Britain is affording." Several further sections of the Defence Force, including the Border Regiment, the Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire, and the Royal Marines, have since reached Shanghai. The 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards arrived at Hong-Kong on March 1, and on the same date the Cameronians and a battery of artillery left Singapore for Shanghai in the transport "Hermionius." The Green Howards and the Middlesex Regiment reached Hong-Kong on March 3. It was reported from Peking on March 3 that "the political commission of the Ankuochun, or

'Country Tranquillizing Army,' of which Chang Tso-lin (the War Lord of Manchuria) is commander-in-chief, had put forward certain proposals rather on Cantonese lines, "in an endeavour to make the platform of the party conform to popular ideas." These proposals included "restoration of the national sovereignty and abolition of the 'unequal treaties.'" The ranks of the Cantonese Nationalists have lately split into "Reds" and "Pinks." "The 'Reds,'" said a Hong-Kong report of March 4, "are entrenched with Borodin at Hankow, while the 'Pinks' are based upon Nanchang with General Chiang Kai-shek (the Cantonese generalissimo) who also controls Canton." A Kuomintang (Nationalist Party) conference planned for March 1 did not take place, owing to differences between Borodin and Chiang Kai-shek. Writing from Shanghai on March 6, the "Times" correspondent said: "The Communists are now assailing Chiang with the utmost fury. A flood of circulars is being poured out, in which Chiang is accused of being a 'neo-militarist' worse than Chang Tso-lin."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN our last number but one, which contained some magnificent colour reproductions of Tutankhamen's jewellery, found upon his mummy, I touched rather lightly on the fate of that young and sporting Pharaoh, like Lycidas, "dead ere his prime," and now the hero in a great romance of archaeology. Moses led the Exodus from Egypt, but Tutankhamen leads the modern Exodus (if I may add a word to our already over-stocked vocabulary), and his funeral treasures draw the world to Cairo and the rocky hills of Thebes.

Much ink has been spilled in Fleet Street and elsewhere (I plead guilty to a certain quantity myself) over the tomb and its contents, but to feel the authentic thrill of the finders, and to absorb the facts in full measure, the reader must go to the fountain-head. That is, of course, the pair of volumes, of which the second has just appeared, containing the official record illustrated by all the original photographs. The book just published is entitled "THE TOMB OF TUT-ANKH-AMEN." Discovered by the late Earl of Carnarvon and Howard Carter. By Howard Carter, Hon. Sc.D. (Yale). With Appendices by Douglas E. Derry, M.B., Ch.B.; A. Lucas, O.B.E., F.I.C.; P. E. Newberry, M.A.; Alexander Scott, F.R.S., Sc.D. Camb., D.Sc. Edin.; and H. J. Plenderleith, M.C., Ph.D. Vol. II., with 153 Illustrations from Photographs by Harry Burton, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York (Cassell and Co.: 31s. 6d.).

Mr. Howard Carter's work takes its place at once, by natural right, among the classics of archaeological literature. Nor is its value due entirely to the transcending importance of the subject. Apart from that, the book possesses a

Then comes a detailed account of the burial chamber, with the triple golden shrine enclosing the sarcophagus, and the difficult process of removing the shrines and lifting the sarcophagus lid. A separate chapter follows describing the state chariots found in the ante-chamber.

were the off-spring of an unofficial marriage. . . . There are precedents for it in the royal family of the Eighteenth Dynasty." This means that Tutankhamen's wife was probably his half-sister.



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TEXTILE FABRICS FROM TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB: THREE DIFFERENT TYPES OF MATERIALS WOVEN FROM FLAX—SECTIONS AS SEEN UNDER THE MICROSCOPE (EACH ENLARGED FIFTEEN TIMES).

The fabrics represented by these sections are (from left to right)—(1) The veil over the guardian statues at the entrance to the sepulchral chamber; of a dark cream colour and light, filmy texture. (2) The wrapping cloth for the bundle of ceremonial staves in the first shrine; dark brown, almost black, with two threads in one direction to one in the other. (3) The pall over the second shrine; dark-brown, with the coarsest texture of the three. All the fabrics were of pure flax and contained no trace of cotton.

Illustrations on this Page are Reproduced from "The Tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen," by Howard Carter. Vol. II. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Cassell and Co.

With the season of 1925-6 we approach the kernel of the discovery—the opening of the three wonderful coffins, anthropoid in shape, nested one within another inside the sarcophagus. The inmost coffin, containing the mummy of the King, was made of solid gold. After a chapter dealing with Egyptian burial customs, we then arrive at the culminating point of this enthralling story—the unwrapping of the royal mummy and the discovery of the jewels and symbols—no fewer than 143—disposed upon it according to the rubric of the "Book of the Dead." It was an awe-inspiring moment for the little company of learned men gathered in that subterranean sepulchre under the Theban hills.

"The thrilling experiences of the last season's work were many," writes Mr. Carter, "but it seems to me now, as I look back, that it was when the last of the decayed bandages had been removed, and the young king's features were first revealed, that the summit of these moving impressions was reached. The youthful Pharaoh was before us at last: an obscure and ephemeral ruler, ceasing to be the mere shadow of a name, had re-entered, after more than three thousand years, the world of reality and history! Here was the climax of our long researches! The tomb had yielded its secret. . . . At the touch of a sable brush the last few fragments of decayed fabric fell away, revealing a serene and placid countenance, that of a young man. The face was refined and cultured, the features well formed."

Contrary to expectation, the mummy wrappings were in very bad condition, owing to the corrosion and coagulation of sacred unguents that had been poured over it. The profuse anointing of royal mummies with such unguents was a custom hitherto little known; for most of the mummies previously found had been disturbed by ancient tomb-robbers or removed by priests to safer sepulchres, before chemical action set in.

The most interesting revelation, however, concerns Tutankhamen's origin. "The remarkable structural resemblance to his father-in-law, Akh-en-Aten," says Mr. Carter, "presents an entirely new and unexpected fact, and one which may throw some light on the ephemeral Smenkh-ka-Re, as well as on Tut-ankh-Amen, both of whom acquired the throne by marrying Akh-en-Aten's daughters. The obscurity of their parentage becomes intelligible if these two kings

The book concludes with six appendices, the last one giving detailed descriptions of the jewellery and other objects illustrated in the eighty-eight plates. Dr. Derry writes on the physiology of Tutankhamen's mummy, mentioning that "the examination afforded no clue to the cause of his early death." Mr. Lucas deals with the chemistry of the tomb; Professor Newberry with the floral wreaths; Dr. Scott with the composition of various fabrics and materials, and Dr. Plenderleith with the chemical analysis of certain substances. These essays, as well as Mr. Carter's own work, show how many sciences contribute

[Continued on page 454.]



FITTED WITH GOLD TOE-SHEATHS AND SANDALS: THE FEET OF TUTANKHAMEN'S MUMMY.

In an appendix to Mr. Howard Carter's book, Dr. Douglas Derry describes how the limbs of Tutankhamen's mummy had been prepared for burial. "All fingers and toes," he writes, "were bandaged individually, and gold sheaths were then adjusted over each before the bandage covering-in the whole hand or foot was applied. In the case of the feet, gold sandals were put on at the same time as the toe-sheaths, and after the first few layers of bandage had been applied, in order to allow the bar of the sandal to be adjusted between the great and second toes—the whole being then enclosed in a bandage."

rare charm and individuality. Mr. Carter has the power of bringing vividly before the mind not only the beauty and interest of the marvellous things he has found, but also the labour and vicissitudes involved in retrieving and preserving them, and the emotions which they stirred in him. He has a keen sense of the dramatic moment, and his enthusiasm communicates itself to the reader. What I admire so much in his book is the spirit of deep sincerity. It has that quality of infectious zeal that springs from intense devotion to the appointed task. Here is a man, indeed, whom Carlyle would call blessed—one who has found his work and loves it.

The tomb was discovered in November 1922, and Mr. Carter's first volume described the excavation of the stairway, the clearance of the ante-chamber, and the opening of the sealed door into the sepulchre, during that first winter. The present volume carries the story much further. It covers the work of the second, third, and fourth winter seasons at the tomb, from the autumn of 1923 to the spring of 1926. The Introduction gives a general appreciation of ancient Egyptian art, in relation to funerary memorials.



LEFT AS FOUND, FITTING TIGHTLY OVER TUTANKHAMEN'S SHAVEN HEAD: THE LINEN SKULL-CAP, EXQUISITELY EMBROIDERED WITH URAEI (SYMBOLIC SERPENTS) IN BEAD-WORK.

"Beneath the *Khat* head-dress," writes Mr. Howard Carter, "were further layers of bandaging that covered a skull-cap of fine linen fabric, fitting tightly over the shaven head of the king, and embroidered with an elaborate device of *uraei* in minute gold and faience beads. The cap was kept in place by a gold temple-band. Each *uraeus* bears in its centre the *Aten* cartouche of the Sun. The fabric of the cap was unfortunately much carbonised and decayed, but the bead-work had suffered far less, the device being practically perfect, since it adhered to the head. To have attempted to remove this exquisite piece of work would have been disastrous, so it was treated with a thin coating of wax, and left as it was found."

A "STILL-LIFE" IN NATURAL-COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

FROM THE NATURAL-COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY H. A. KIV.



A MODERN MARVEL: SUMMER FRUIT FOR GREAT BRITAIN'S WINTER TABLE, FROM SUNNY SOUTH AFRICA.

In the winter our grandfathers and grandmothers had to be content with little fruit, save what they had stored or bottled, and expensive hothouse products. Nowadays things are vastly different, and, thanks to the encouragement of growers, rapidity of transport, and perfection of packing, there is nothing to prevent the winter tables of Great Britain being loaded with the fruits of the earth, not only in summer, but in winter. Our picture illustrates this point in a

telling manner. It shows how the sun-ripened fruits of South Africa have gained an important place in our markets, and how that Dominion supplies, amongst other things, pineapples, grapes, grape-fruit, pears, oranges, apples, tangerines, plums, nectarines, peaches, Cape gooseberries, and litchies. Certain of these, of course—citrus fruits—arrive during the English summer; whilst in the winter come deciduous fruits, with pineapples and mangoes.



THE HUB OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE: FEEDING THE PIGEONS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

It is no exaggeration to say that Trafalgar Square is the hub of the Empire, the centre of the great Commonwealth of British Nations. It may be said of it, as it was said of Rome, that all roads lead to it, for it is one of the sights that no visitor to London can miss. From the Empire point of view, it is particularly to be remembered: in its more or less immediate neighbourhood are the Houses of Parliament, the Government Offices, and the Headquarters of the various Dominion Governments. Our drawing illustrates this fact in that a feature of it is South Africa House, formerly Morley's Hotel, and now the Headquarters of the High

Commissioner for the Union of South Africa in London. South Africa House is an administrative entity with its own propaganda, for tourist, trade, and transportation purposes, and these departments are organised to afford enquirers the fullest official information concerning the possibilities and attractions of South Africa. It is interesting to add that, by a somewhat curious coincidence, the old stucco frontage of the building is a distinct link with some of those plain-fronted stucco dwellings which were characteristic of the earlier period of South African settlement at the Cape.

FROM THE PICTURE SPECIALLY PAINTED FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHTED.)

HAIG TERCENTENARY

1627

1927

*How they played football in 1627**February 17 1627*

"(Shrove Tuesday). In the morning to the Strand with Captain Clerke of the Fleet, where much unseemly shouting, which was for a great bout of football play; the greatest that, to my remembrance, I did ever see. But why so many men—and women too—should behave so wild and boyish, risking life and limb to so little purpose, seems mighty

strange to me, and argues more courage, methinks, than reason. Especially in such irregular and narrow streets as Crooked Lane, where one was killed as well as many maimed at another of these bouts to-day."—*From the unwritten Journal of Christopher Mountjoy, Knight, sometime Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles I.*

HOW strangely our customs and tastes have changed since those hearty cavalier days, when football had scarcely emerged from being an offence punishable by law. All credit then to John Haig, that for three centuries since it was first distilled it should have remained the first favourite wherever men drink Scotch Whisky.

Quality with Age.

John Haig

*The Father of all Scotch Whiskies
celebrates its 300th birthday this year*

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE TASMANIAN MOUNTAIN SHRIMP.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

MY friend Sir Arthur Woodward has passed on to me a most beautifully mounted specimen of that remarkable little creature, the Tasmanian mountain shrimp, which had been sent to him by its captor, Mr. Allan McIntyre, who has expressed the opinion that the readers of this page would find the history of this diminutive but remarkable crustacean of more than passing interest. If I tell the story aright, his surmise will be fully justified. To begin with, then, there be some among us who can trace their descent back to the time of William the Conqueror; but this little animal has a pedigree which goes right back to the Carboniferous Epoch; that is to say, to untold millions of years!

In tracing the ancestry of animals, we generally find that, as we go further and further back in geological time, we encounter a series of slowly changing and intergrading forms, the last and the first of the line being utterly unlike; yet we can pass easily from one to the other. The horse and the elephant afford cases in point. This is true of nearly every group of animals we examine in this matter of pedigrees. But there are some, like the brachiopod *Lingula*, and some of the crustacea, like this little *Anaspides*, or mountain shrimp, which have come down to us



FIG. 1. THE LITTLE MOUNTAIN SHRIMP OF TASMANIA: ONE OF THE "BLUEST-BLOODED" MEMBERS OF THE CRUSTACEA, HAVING COME DOWN THROUGH THE AGES PRACTICALLY UNCHANGED IN FORM.

of these plates emerge a series of short rods surmounted by a pair of delicate, closely-jointed rods fringed with fine hairs. One or two can just be seen, like tiny shadow legs, on the left side, and their exact shape in the enlarged drawing. The function of these is to keep a stream of fresh water flowing over the gills. The antennæ are long, closely-jointed, and furnished with short, very delicate hairs. The really primitive character of this little shrimp

fully all the differences between them. To begin with, it will be remarked that the forepart of the lobster is ensheathed in a single stony cuirass, extending back, in the photograph, as far as the second pair of walking-legs. Now, this great shield has been fashioned by the fusion of the separate segments seen in *Anaspides* associated with the walking-legs. The rest of the body answers to that of the lobster, even to the tail, which you will notice is made up of two pairs of blade-shaped plates fringed with hairs, though they do not overlap, as in the lobster.

Here, then, between *Anaspides* and *Homarus* we have a great evolutionary leap. Between the lobster and the crab we have another. For in the crab, the great head-shield—at any rate in the edible crab—is transversely elongated, while the hinder part of the body, so full of meat in the lobster, seems to be wanting. As a matter of fact, it will be found reduced to a mere scaly triangle tucked up underneath the great head-shield. Turn to the lobster again, and note the different forms taken by the front legs. The most important of these, at any rate to the *gourmet*, is to be found in that enormously enlarged pair which form the "big claws," while the legs behind these

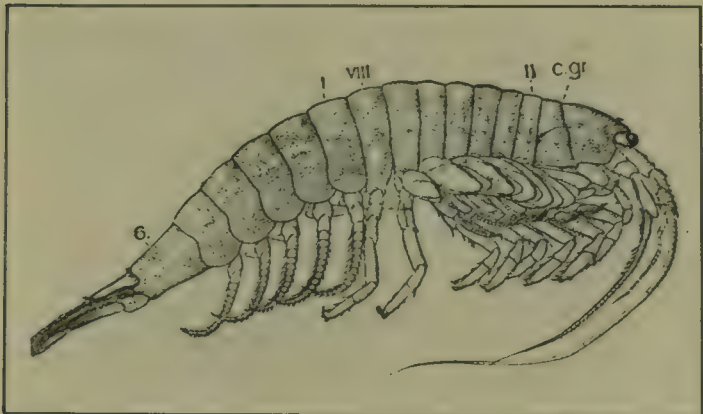


FIG. 2. A DENIZEN OF FRESH-WATER POOLS IN THE HILLS: THE TASMANIAN MOUNTAIN SHRIMP (*ANASPIDES TASMANICA*), SHOWING THE "LAUREL-LEAF" GILL-PLATES.

The details of structure of *Anaspides* can only be seen under the microscope. In this drawing the "laurel-leaf" gill-plates, and the rods which keep them supplied with fresh water, are clearly seen. The difference between the walking and swimming legs is also sharply contrasted.—[After Calman.]

practically unchanged, so far, indeed, as the inexpert eye can tell. Here is "conservatism" with a vengeance! And no man can account for this stubborn resistance to "moving with the times." Look carefully at the adjoining enlarged photograph (Fig. 1) of the specimen sent over by Mr. McIntyre. The length of the body is about 38 mm., and in colour it is of a dark brown, probably to match its background formed by the stones and weeds at the bottom of mountain pools some 4000 feet up.

This little creature, Mr. McIntyre tells us, rarely swims; but, when frightened, it darts forward by flicking its tail and takes cover under a stone. For the most part it keeps to the ground, and when running, like the celebrated Tishy, it crosses its legs—or, at any rate, some of them, for you will notice that these form two series: eight pairs of walking-legs and five pairs of swimming-legs. These latter, it should be remarked, are formed almost entirely of a series of small segments, or joints. In the walking-legs the segments are fewer and larger. It is the foremost of the hinder and the hindmost of the forward series that cross one another when running or walking on the bottom of the stream.

The bases of the front legs are concealed by a series of flat plates, shaped like laurel-leaves. These are really gills, but, being on the underside of the body, they cannot be seen here, but are shown in the enlarged drawing. From under each

is shown at once by the fact that the body is made up of a series of segments, one behind the other, all almost exactly alike, and each segment bearing a pair of legs. Further, all the front legs are of the same type.

What is the difference between this body and that of the familiar and luscious lobster (Fig. 4)? My second photograph (Fig. 2) will show this almost at a glance, though it must be carefully studied to appreciate

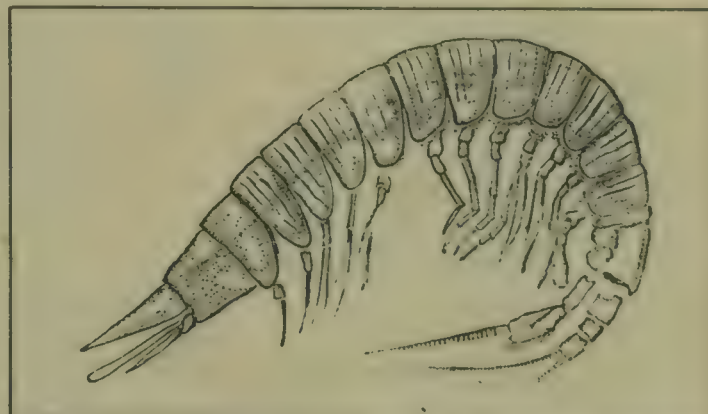


FIG. 3. THE PREHISTORIC ANCESTOR OF THE TASMANIAN MOUNTAIN SHRIMP: *PREANASPIDES PRECURSOR*, FROM THE COAL MEASURES.

A glance at Fig. 2 suffices to show how little change this vast period of time has effected between this creature and its living descendant.

terminate in a smaller pair of claws. These are wanting in *Anaspides*.

No one has yet discovered the larval stages of *Anaspides*; but those of the crab are about as unlike the adult form as one could well conceive. But—and this is an important fact—they show a relatively large hinder body, answering to that of the lobster—showing that the crab has gone a stage further in its evolution. But the crab and the lobster, though they can boast quite a respectable antiquity, are quite outdone by *Anaspides*, for the lobsters can trace their ancestry—as lobsters—no further than the Great Oolite; and the crabs, as we know them, to the Cretaceous.

But this little mountain shrimp differs hardly at all from a near relative, *Preanaspides* (Fig. 3), from the coal-measures of Derbyshire, shown in the adjoining photograph. From Derbyshire to the mountains of Tasmania is a long way, but it must be remembered it has taken several millions of years to get from one extreme of this vast range to the other. And it probably owes its survival in these latter days to the fact that it has reached quiet backwaters where there is little or no competition. *Anaspides* has a cousin, *Paranaspides*, found in the Great Lake of Tasmania; and another, *Koonuga*, found in fresh-water pools near Melbourne. But they differ one from another only in comparatively trivial points appreciable only by the expert. Enough, I hope, has now been said to show that this little mountain shrimp is really a most interesting animal.



FIG. 4. THE LOBSTER: AN EXAMPLE OF THE REMARKABLE VARIATION OF FORM IN CRUSTACEA.

The lobster shows one of the innumerable changes of form which the Crustacea have assumed since the appearance of the earliest-known members in the Cambrian Epoch: creatures like our fairy shrimps and water-fleas.

Fashions & Fancies

THERE IS ALWAYS A FIGHT PROGRESSING BETWEEN RIVAL COMPETITORS FOR FAVOUR IN THE FIELD OF FASHION, AND AT PRESENT ADVANTAGE LIES TEMPORARILY ON THE SIDE OF CERTAIN FAMILIAR FRIENDS.



Sheets That Wash Better and Better.

Thousands of people have found the benefit of persuading themselves that a thing is getting better and better every day, but, in the case of Horrockses' Sheets, seeing is believing. For the nursery and the bed-room in every large household they are ideal solutions to the ever-present problem of practical economy, for they come back from the wash-tub with a texture as soft and firm as a linen handkerchief, no matter how often they are laundered. On the contrary, years of wear enhance their value. Horrockses' ready-for-service sheets or sheeting by the yard are obtainable from all outfitters of prestige at pleasantly moderate prices.

A Good Nursery Soap.

Everyone who is in charge of the nursery understands the vital importance of using a good soap which will not harm or coarsen tender skins. A brand which long experience has proved a trusted friend to children of all ages is Wright's Coal Tar Soap, for not only does it keep the skin clear and healthy, but it acts as a protection against infectious ills of childhood. Wright's Coal Tar Soap is obtainable everywhere for 6d. per tablet, or for 10d. in the huge bath size which all kiddies love.

New Liberty Cretonnes.

At this time of year the majority of women are thinking of spring cleaning and refurnishing with light summer fabrics. Nowhere are there more beautiful cretonnes and other materials to be found than at Liberty's, Regent Street, W., who are famous all over the world for their colour-schemes. Cretonnes printed in exclusive designs to suit every style of decoration can be obtained from 2s. 6d. a yard. Amongst the loveliest new designs are the "Peony and Larch" cretonne, the "Tulip and Lilac," and the "Peacock and Peony," each designed in wonderful colourings. There are also Shadow Taffetas, which are ideal for loose covers, curtains, and upholstery of more formal drawing-rooms. "The Chinese Peony" and the "Pheasant and Dahlia" taffetas are especially attractive. Folders illustrating in the original colours these and other designs will be sent to all who apply, and pattern books of the materials themselves are also ready and will be forwarded on request.



She has no cause to fear the brightest lights or a hundred mirrors who uses Inecto Rapid for keeping the tints and colours of youth in her hair, making it glossy and beautiful. There are Inecto consulting salons at 15, North Audley Street, W.

The Five-Piece Suit.

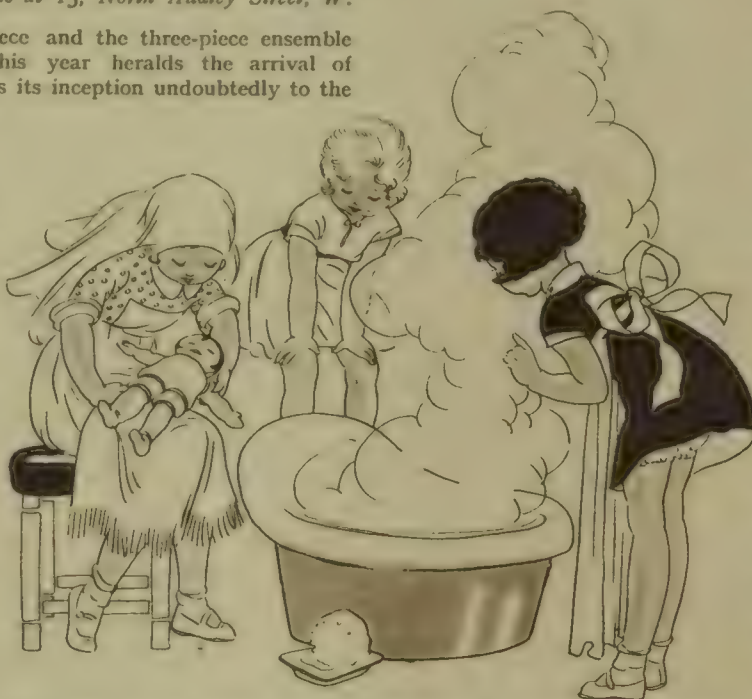
We have known the two-piece and the three-piece ensemble for several seasons, but this year heralds the arrival of the five-piece suit. It owes its inception undoubtedly to the popularity of the waistcoat, and the smart woman who has a flair for matching effectively details of her costume now has the hat of the same material. So she has long coat and accordion pleated skirt of fine tweed faced with calf-skin, a simple crêpe-de-Chine jumper carrying out the same colourings, and a waistcoat and hat of calf-skin or of soft suède cloth. One very smart model even has the smart accessories of striped petersham. Petersham flowers are also making their appearance for wearing with tailored suits, very flat and trim, the coloured stripes cleverly manipulated to simulate stamens and stems. The fob in place of a flower is becoming popular again, and some of the newest ones are in the form of initials in brilliants surrounded by coloured enamel.

Bags with New Attachments.

Fifty years ago women loved a long chain round the neck with numerous little objects, useful and ornamental, dangling at the end. That was a mode for leisured people where bustle and business had no place; and nowadays, although women are still fascinated by decorative little odds and ends, they are carried in a more practical way. Bags, for instance, are made with small outside pockets each containing a prettily enamelled cigarette-case, matchbox, card-case, and mirror, attached with tiny chains to prevent loss. Another new handbag has a ring in the centre of the handle from which are suspended similar accessories. You can even find a shingle brush and comb amongst them, cleverly disguised in little cases forming your own initials. These, of course, are frivolities for the more elaborate bag of silk or tapestry work. For the morning, skin bags of every kind continue to be fashionable. Certain kinds of Indian river snake and a Malay tree snake have curiously distinctive markings, rather like those of a crocodile and a lizard combined; and these are used for bags in the "roll up" shape, or with a wide base slanting upwards to a slender mount which, in contrast to the general severity of the design, is sometimes ornamented with marcellite.

Restoring Lost Colour to the Hair.

Whether it is a fact or not that the shingle and the Eton crop make the hair lose its colour is a matter over which experts always seem to differ; but, whatever the cause, it is certain that sooner or later youthful tints will fade, and nothing is more ageing than dull, lifeless hair. With shorn tresses, it is more necessary than ever to keep the few that remain, and are so conspicuous, in perfect condition. Women are naturally always seeking a good hair-colouring lotion, and it is useful to remember that the manufacturers of the successful Inecto Rapid have, with the aid of two well-known skin specialists, evolved a simple method to prove whether individual scalps can take this lotion without any ill-effects. The test is simple, necessitating only the application of Inecto to a small patch of skin about the size of a two-shilling piece, just behind the ear bordering on the scalp. If, after a stated time, no irritation has been experienced and there is no redness or inflammation, the experts declare that Inecto may be used. In this case, any tint can be obtained, for it is available in no fewer than eighteen distinct shades. A special inquiry bureau for the assistance of users of Inecto Rapid has been opened at 15, North Audley Street, W., and advice will gladly be given free of cost.



Every kiddie looks forward to bath time when it means using Wright's Coal Tar Soap; it not only pleases them, but the grown-ups too, for they know it acts as a preventive against infectious ills of childhood.

will be sent to all who apply, and pattern books of the materials themselves are also ready and will be forwarded on request.



The woman who loves fine linen sees that her cupboard is filled with Horrockses' sheets, which keep their smooth fine surface despite constant launderings.

South Africa

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THE services of the London Travel Bureau of the Union Government are at the disposal of persons who intend visiting South Africa. Tours are arranged by officials with an intimate knowledge of South Africa, and enquiries should be addressed to the Publicity Agent, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. 2.

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

The Royal Parties.

The afternoon parties that the King and Queen gave at Buckingham Palace this week and last were as representative as the garden parties to which so many thousands of guests are invited. The four or five hundred guests included members of both Houses of Parliament, representatives of the Church and of the Law, of all the arts and professions, social workers, and people prominent in Society. The King and Queen, who passed through the rooms in different directions, talked with as many people as possible, made their guests feel thoroughly at home, and evidently enjoyed the occasion.

A Very Young Engagement.

There is something very modish about the way the engagement has become known of the Hon. Joan Yarde-Buller, the eldest of Lord and Lady Churston's four daughters, to Mr. Noel Guinness, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Guinness. The fact of the engagement is acknowledged; the bride's father has expressed his cordial approval of this boy and girl affair, and the wedding is likely to take place when Mr. Guinness comes of age in June. But one understands that officially "the engagement will be announced in the early summer," thus carrying out the new idea that an engagement which has for a long time been perfectly well known to a wide circle of friends and to all acquaintances should only be formally recognised when the wedding invitations are ready to send out.



ENGAGED TO MR. NOEL GUINNESS:
THE HON. JOAN YARDE-BULLER.

Miss Yarde-Buller, who is an extremely pretty

girl and only nineteen years old, has inherited much of the charm and the musical talent of her mother, who before her marriage to the second Baron Churston's heir was Miss Denise Orme, the musical-comedy actress.



TO STUDY AT THE SORBONNE: THE HON. NANCY ASTOR, DAUGHTER OF VISCOUNT AND VISCONTRESS ASTOR.

Photograph by Cowling.

consideration, for they are devoted to their children, and it will be a real trial to send her so far from home. They always spend as much time as possible with their family during the holidays. A year or two ago they took them for a hurried trip to Palestine during the vacation, and last year the eldest son accompanied Lord and Lady Astor to the United States.

Distinguished Nurses.

The Forum Club's reception to distinguished nurses last week was a very impressive affair. The heads of the Naval, Army, Air Force, and Territorial nursing services were there, their smart frocks adorned with multitudes of medals; Miss E. M. Musson, the Chairman of the General Nursing Council;

Lady Astor's Daughter.

Lord and Lady Astor's only daughter, the Hon. Nancy Astor, will not be among this year's débutantes, as has been suggested. She is only seventeen, and her parents think it better that she should have a year or two at college before coming out. Their decision to send her to the Sorbonne must have been reached after very careful

and past or present matrons of some of the most important hospitals. Most of them were well above the average height, so, though little women as a rule get most of the good things in life, it looks as though organising and administrative ability are qualities of the tall.

One of the two houses inhabited by the Forum Club was during the war Princess Christian's hospital for officers, and now her daughter, Princess Marie Louise, is president of the club. Looking very handsome in black velvet and pearls, with a bright silk shawl, she came to the reception, where the guests of honour were presented to her. It is a pity that the speeches made by Royal Princesses must not be reported, for, like her sister, Princess Helena Victoria, the Princess speaks admirably, and she interested her audience on this occasion intensely with her account of nurses and hospitals she had visited in distant parts of the Empire.



CHAIRMAN OF THE GENERAL NURSING COUNCIL: MISS E. M. MUSSON.

Photograph by Russell.

Miss Keenan, Matron-in-Chief of Q.A.I.M.N.S., and the heads of the other Service spoke about their work, and Miss Musson had many encouraging things to say about the improvement in the conditions of nursing and in the general standard of training since the Nurses Registration Act was passed.

The Unconsidered Man.

Prospective bridegrooms whose marriages are to be celebrated in any of the fashionable London churches must shake in their shoes and anticipate

[Continued overleaf]



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(Continued.)

the horrors of stage fright when they see some of the pictures of elaborately dressed wedding-groups. It is hard enough for a shy bridegroom, arrayed in such pale glory as is permitted to him, to have to lead from the church door the girl, usually so neatly and scantily attired, who is now draped in yards of silk or tissue and veiled in clouds of tulle—a strange, unfamiliar figure. But it must be infinitely more disconcerting to give his black, twentieth-century arm to a woman from centuries long past, and to pose for his photograph with a mediæval bride and mediæval bridesmaids, knowing that he is absolutely ruining the picture.

The trouble is that the artists who design these charming period groups quite forget that there even is a bridegroom, till they see him emerge from the church looking like a strayed reveller who has gone to a garden-party and awakened at a fancy-dress ball. Fantastic frocks are as disconcerting to the beholder as period gowns, and they are most disconcerting when the bridegroom has a personality of his own. One remembers, for instance, how difficult it was to make Mr. Oswald Mosley harmonise with the group of charming young girls, looking like water-fairies in a pantomime, who attended Lady Cynthia on her wedding day.

Viscountess Bryce.

The speakers at the Mansion House meeting on behalf of the Loan Fund for women who need help to pay for professional or other



SPEAKER AT THE MANSION HOUSE THE OTHER DAY ON BEHALF OF THE LOAN FUND FOR WOMEN: PROFESSOR WINIFRED CULLIS.

Photograph by Mendoza Galleries.

vocational training were so persuasive that it was no wonder many generous subscriptions were received. Professor Winifred Cullis, who is admired as much for the graceful way she carries her learning as for her brilliant attainments, gave generously too; for, as a practical example, she told of her own financial difficulties when she was a student, and how the Newnham Loan Fund helped her to stay on at the University till she had finished her course. A very great many other women students, she pointed out, found before they reached their last year that it was a question whether they could afford to complete their studies, and money lent to them would be a godsend.

Viscountess Bryce, the widow of the most successful Ambassador we ever sent to the United States, seldom speaks in public, though she is one of the best women speakers we have—interesting, enthusiastic, and very definite in her opinions. She has many interests, political and others, but her great concern is in the welfare of educated working women, and she has devoted a vast amount of time during the past twenty-seven years to the Central Bureau for Women's Employment, of which she is President. This is the organisation with the useful Loan Fund.

Viscountess Bryce is a daughter of Thomas Ashton of Hyde and Ford Bank, Didsbury, Manchester, and a sister of the first Lord Ashton. Her marriage to Viscount (then Mr.) Bryce took place

in 1889. As they had no children the peerage is extinct. Lady Bryce's sister-in-law, the late Mrs. Annen Bryce, also used to take a great interest in politics, and was an ardent suffragette.

Visiting Princesses.

The younger royalties in this country have such a good time that the Princesses from the other Courts of Europe must look forward with delight to meeting them and their wide circle of friends. This season it is probable that Princess Beatriz, the eldest of the Spanish Princesses, and perhaps her sister, Princess Christina, will come over, and there is talk about a ball being given for them at the Spanish Embassy. They are pretty girls, with fair complexions and very intent dark eyes.

Princess Juliana, the future Queen of Holland, who spent some time in England with her parents two years ago, is also likely to be here. She has been brought up in very simple fashion, and her mother, who was educated by an English governess, has taken care that her education should be less lonely. She has had classmates of her own age, and is now attending classes at Leyden University, but she has never had so many companions of her own age and rank,

or joined in so many festivities, as she will when she comes to London. Her other view of royal life here, the many public duties that the younger members of the family are expected to undertake, and the freedom with which they move among the people, will probably astonish her.



THE WEDDING OF A FAMOUS FRENCH LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPION AT ATHENS: M. AND MME. JEAN SERPIERI (FORMERLY MME. "DIDI" VLASTO).

Mlle. "Didi" Vlasto, the famous lawn-tennis player, was married recently to M. Jean Serpieri, a young Italian, at his country house near Athens.



AT A DANCE

At least part of the delight of a dance is the knowledge that you look well. Most women, probably, would prefer to stay at home rather than appear in an unbecoming or dowdy frock.

And new frocks are so expensive! But the cost of cleaning and "refinishing" in the "Achille Serre Way" is relatively trifling and makes the purchase of new frocks an unnecessary extravagance.

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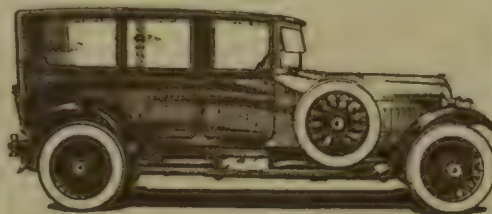
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AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

By JOHN OWEN.

A "Zoo" Development.

The announcement of a "Yellowstone Park" for this country is a promise of new happiness to the thousands who think the "Zoo" the greatest thing on earth. I see that there will be no cages, unless these are provided for the public. The spectacle of wild animals roving round the cages of the humans should give Sir William Orpen an opportunity to repeat a recent success. Time was when every provincial town had its own small "Zoo" in which a few miserable exiles languished in the closest possible confinement. These exhibitions have happily gone. The greatest of our "Zoos," that in Regent's Park, was, of course, founded by the Zoological Society—which, by the way, will celebrate the centenary of its incorporation in two years' time. I suppose the Society will never again have among its members a figure as picturesque as that of Frank Buckland. But Buckland's most brilliant achievements were less scientific, surely, than gastronomic; and his countrymen will always treasure the memory of how, on a well-known occasion, hearing that a leopard had died at the "Zoo" and been buried, he had the late lamented dug up, a steak cut from it, and this unpleasantly tender morsel duly cooked. He then ate the steak, and lived happily ever after.

A Poor Job.

Mr. R. M. Chart, J.P., of Mitcham, claims to be the last of the Vestry Clerks. From the establishment of the office, his family have held this honourable situation; but, with March of this year, the Vestry Clerk, as such, will pass into the world of shadows, killed by the new Rating and Valuation Act.

Select Vestries, as we have known them for so long, were the creation of what was popularly known as "Sturges Bourne's Act," passed in the reign of George III. I have been reading the terms of that beneficent measure, which, like much other contemporary legislation, had for its object the correct rather than the tender management of the poor. One thing that gentlemen appointed to the Vestry were called upon to do was to "distinguish, in the relief to be granted, between the deserving and the idle, extravagant or profligate poor." Not only have we had the poor always with us, but we have had the gentleman who has felt it his duty to regard

the mildest amusements of the poor man as a "flagitious" extravagance, and, in other days, while not strictly approving the principle of educating the pauper, felt that it should be a first introduction to any education authority that it should "larn the poor man to be a toad." The members elected to the Vestry were appointed by a Justice of the Peace, and there was a case, well known in its day, where the people of Tenterden having elected twenty members the local J.P. omitted the names of two of these. The Courts, being appealed to, ordered the recalcitrant Justice to insert the names, Lord Denman observing that "the magistrates have nothing to do except to appoint the persons already chosen by the inhabitants." The great Paid have often had to reprove the Great Unpaid, but Denman was able to do so on unusual grounds.

The Elector.

Talking of Local Government (which, by the way, involves a good deal of talk) preparations are now in full swing for the only kind of local election in which the public consents to show the smallest interest. The average man seems to take a sort of comic pride in avoiding the polling station when Guardians are to be chosen, as if by doing so he conforms to some obligation mysteriously laid upon the body of electors by their general sense of humour. He avoids, too, County Council elections—with the result that often enough the interest is not sufficient to set up two candidates for a seat. Urban District electoral contests, however, are fortunate enough to enjoy quite a fair amount of patronage, perhaps because there is opportunity for local personal rivalries to express themselves. But no British elector ever so effectively glorified his office as the gentleman who, a good many years ago now, was travelling in Germany, then a country of small States, one of which was Hanover. Bearing in mind the title of the head of that State—a title borne by the first son of our own Georges—this proud Englishman, whenever called upon to give his name and profession, did so, with immense local effect, by signing: "John Smith, Elector of Middlesex."

The Reputation Cheops Built.

Speaking of wages in New York, Mr. Harvey Corbett, the American who has been reading a paper before the Royal Institute of British Architects, encourages us to believe that that standing joke, the bricklayer—who, in respect not of his wages alone,

has taken up an immovable attitude—is able to command a wage of 7s. 3d. an hour, while that extremely unapproachable artisan, the plasterer, draws 10s. an hour—during such periods, that is, as it is possible to conciliate him at all. Well, there should be no queue of wolves at the doors of these honest tradesmen.

It is amusing to contrast the condition of the modern building tradesman with that of the man who was engaged upon what is still, perhaps, the greatest constructional achievement in the history of the world, the Great Pyramid. The labour was forced and, of course, intolerably hard. The granite had to be hewn in blocks of not less than thirty feet, and carried from the mountains to the spot selected by Cheops for the realisation of his fantastic dream of an immense tomb; and the work was done by the manhood of Egypt, which was kept to the task for nearly a quarter of a century. An interesting speculative paper could be written for submission to a learned society upon the possible attitude of Cheops to the modern trades union, having regard to his relation to labour in his own day. His principal achievement stands to show us of what his methods were capable. The proportions of the Great Pyramid were long ago computed by Piazzi Smyth, the astronomer, and well known in his day as Astronomer Royal for Scotland.

Smyth and Taylor.

Talking of Piazzi Smyth, and apropos of current exercises in reconstruction of the life of old Egypt, I have been reading a paper written by him sixty years ago for a now extinct magazine, in which he is found, not merely commenting upon the results of a contemporary exploration of the Great Pyramid, but quoting with approval the warning uttered to his students "by the Lord Rector of a Northern University" that "far more difficult problems will have to be solved . . . than have ever fallen to this nation in the times that are past." Wherefore he advises them—"paraphrasing a great poet's address to kings—'Oh priests!' says he, 'be learned; for the people under you is becoming very learned too'; and he goes on to express what he tells his readers should be their "fervent delight" that "in the world's greatest and oldest wonder celebrated by man, is contained a record of Divine inspiration, a record never yet understood by any nation, or tongue, or people, but now interpretable." The

[Continued overleaf.]

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astronomer's reference is to the speculations of John Taylor, whom he asserts to be "neither a scientist nor a hierologist." Taylor claimed that "no hierologist's knowledge, so called, was required to interpret the Great Pyramid," and went on to declare that "its contents or its symbols were such as were not within the knowledge of any of the ancient peoples, but were things that only modern mechanical genius has at last—and in some cases only very lately indeed—made us otherwise acquainted with." Smyth wished to read a paper on the Great Pyramid before the Royal Society, from which he resigned, without acrimony, when his offer was not accepted.

"COCKS AND HENS," AT THE ROYALTY.

MR. C. K. Munro is an inveterate "talker" in the theatre, and a play which relies entirely on talk may prove tiresome, especially if the author has a tendency, as has Mr. Munro, to harp on a few strings and to indulge in repetition. "At Mrs. Beam's" was a success because, behind all its rhetoric and its fireworks of dialogue, there was, at any rate, a story. Mr. Munro makes no such concession in "Cocks and Hens." He does not even provide us with an interesting setting for his talk. His backgrounds, save when he is dealing with war or labour politics, are consistently drab, and this time he plants us in the lounge of a middle-class seaside hotel. Here we meet Professor Cox and his wife, a pair who have grown too used to each other and get on one another's nerves. Out of boredom he flirts with a lady whom his wife regards as a "vamp" and he thinks a fit subject for his vaunted powers of analysis; while Mrs. Cox is thrown into the company of a shaggy Shakespearean expert, who claims to be a mighty walker, a "savage Ishmaelite," a ruthless misogynist, but is really as weak as water before any woman, and has already committed bigamy. This figure of farce, presented with immense gusto by Mr. Ernest Thesiger, is the one bright spot of the play. For the rest, Miss Laura Cowie's beauty and fine talent are wasted on the part of the "vamp"; Miss Hilda Trevelyan struggles with a part which even her well-known charm of personality cannot redeem from dullness; while Mr. Hay Petrie is to be seen almost smothered in the torrent of Mr. Munro's loquacity.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Continued from Page 440.)

to modern scientific excavation. The complete archaeologist must be a walking encyclopædia, knowing "everything of something, and something of everything."

From ancient Egypt to modern China is a somewhat abrupt transition, but an abiding sense of the topical prompts me to name two books that bear on current events in the Far East. Many people have written about China—soldiers, explorers, tourists, politicians, missionaries, and so on—but quite a fresh point of view, I think, is presented by the wife of an American business man, representative of a big New York oil company.

The book in question is called "BY THE CITY OF THE LONG SAND: A TALE OF NEW CHINA." By Alice Tisdale Hobart. Illustrated (Fisher Unwin; 12s. 6d. net). The "city" is Changsha, lately the scene of an anti-British boycott and a "very tense situation." Mrs. Hobart spent twelve years in China, and, as her husband was moved constantly from place to place, from one "company house" to another, her experiences were varied and wide. She begins in 1922, "about to start upon my seven-times-seventh bit of homesteading," and ends with days of danger that followed the Shanghai shooting affair of May 30, 1925—"the spark which touched off the fire of anti-foreign feeling." The little white community at Changsha for a time expected massacre, and she expresses what many American and British women in China must have gone through since the trouble began—"Can you imagine how it would feel to yourself to be surrounded and hated by millions of people?" Only the last two chapters, however, are concerned with this phase of peril. The rest is a chronicle of everyday life and domestic affairs in China. This book is the best of its kind, I think, that has appeared for a long time.

The other book of Chinese interest is a Nationalist attack on foreign "imperialism"—defined as "economic invasion." It is called "CHINA AND THE NATIONS." By Wong Ching-Wai. Translated by I-Sen Teng and John Nind-Smith (Martin Hopkinson and Co.; 7s. 6d.), and is sub-titled as "the Draft of the Report on International Problems prepared for the . . . Committee of the People's Conference of Delegates at Peking in April 1925." Wong Ching-Wai, whose name lately cropped up in the Chinese news, is described as "Chairman of the Governing Committee of the People's Government of China." Whoever reads his "openly militant" book should not omit to study the other side of the case, as in the British Note to Russia, the Memorandum to China, the Hankow

Agreement, the speeches of Sir Austen Chamberlain, or Mr. J. L. Garvin's articles on China in the *Observer*.

In turning from Chinese politics to Indian folk-lore I am at least on the same continent, though the two have little else in common, beyond an infinitude of detail. The same sense of the interminable is expressed in the very title of "THE OCEAN OF STORY." Being C. H. Tawney's Translation of Somadeva's Katha Sarit Sāgara (Ocean of Streams of Story). Edited with Introduction and Notes by N. M. Penzer, M.A., F.R.G.S., F.G.S. In Ten Vols.; Vol. VII. With a Foreword by Professor Maurice Bloomfield (Privately printed for subscribers by C. J. Sawyer; sold in sets only, £2 2s. per vol.) This is a further installment of a monumental work (of which the previous volume was recently noticed here). It has been called "a storehouse of Hindu mythology," and is obviously a book for the folklorist rather than the general reader.

Yet everyone must feel a fascination in tracing the wanderings of story-motives in many lands. Thus we find that our old friend Punch hanging the policeman, and Gretel pushing the witch into the oven, are both examples of the widely prevalent motive of "Show Me How," or "Pretended Ignorance." Nor are there lacking links with more sophisticated literature. "The Robin Hood of Indian fiction," we read, "is Apaharavarma, who . . . plunders the rich to give to the poor." Again; "The story of the damsel's rash promise . . . spread to neighbouring countries—Burma, Persia, Palestine, Arabia, and so on to Turkey and across to Europe. Here it was given new impetus by Boccaccio . . . and was used by Chaucer for the *Franklin's Tale*."

Many of the old Hindu tales must have been familiar to "the founder of the Mughal dynasty of India," whose life story is told in popular style, from his own personal records, in "BABUR: DIARIST AND DESPOT." By S. M. Edwardes, C.S.I., C.V.O. Illustrated. (Philpot; 6s.) "Babur appears before us," says his latest chronicler, "in the diverse rôles of ruler, warrior, sportsman, craftsman, author, penman, and devoted student of Nature; and as we turn the pages of the priceless *Memoirs* we realise that we are in the presence of one of the most human and attractive personalities that ever graced an Asiatic throne."

If on one occasion, having been poisoned, Babur felt it necessary for discipline to have a cook skinned alive, a taster cut in pieces, and a woman thrown under an elephant, he was, as a rule, a model of clemency and tolerance compared with some of his forebears and contemporaries, European as well as Asiatic, and he could be magnanimous to a fallen foe. According to this very readable little book, he seems to have been—as early oriental potentates go—a singularly genial person. C. E. B.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR. THE LATEST HILLMAN.

I HAVE recently had an opportunity of putting the two-seater 14-h.p. Hillman to an extensive test, and I should feel inclined to give it a place among the most interesting cars of the year for price and performance. Just at this time there is a demand for the four- or six-cylinder car of about two litres capacity, and for my part I believe that, in the existing conditions of traffic, this is just about the best compromise the ordinary man can find. It gives you comfort without bulk, liveliness, and speed enough to satisfy most people.

For the moment the predominating fashion is the six-cylinder, and, as I have reported from time to time in *The Illustrated London News*, I have had the opportunity of trying a number of these. I can scarcely remember a serious criticism to bring against any of them. To the best of my recollection, I have only tried one other two-litre four-cylinder car of the same dimensions as the Hillman—72 by 120—and that one was of a rather specially fast type, offering no fair grounds of comparison. The point that struck me about the Hillman was that the makers have made a remarkably successful attempt to give their



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customers practically the same performance as their six-cylinder rivals, at something considerably under the price.

I have always been a strong four-cylinder advocate. We all have our likes and dislikes, and I have always liked the four-cylinder design better than the six, if only for its smaller number of moving parts; and, when it has been carefully designed, I have very seldom found it to fall perceptibly short of the latter in general performance.

The new 1927 Hillman is in exterior a very considerable advance on the first of its type, which appeared in 1926. By exterior I mean finish and coach-work. The engine remains, to all intents and purposes, the same. That is to say, it has lateral valves and pump-fed lubrication employing no pipes inside the crankcase, their place being taken by oil-ducts in the casting. The same amazingly light single plate-clutch is employed, and I was relieved to find the same quite first-class gear-box. Gear-changing on the "Fourteen" Hillman is to me, at all events, a very real pleasure. The gear-ratios could not, I think, be improved. As you change up or down, the car's speed accelerates—proof positive of good co-ordination between crankshaft speed and gear ratio. One of the many results of this is that ineffable sensation that your car is always well on top of her work.

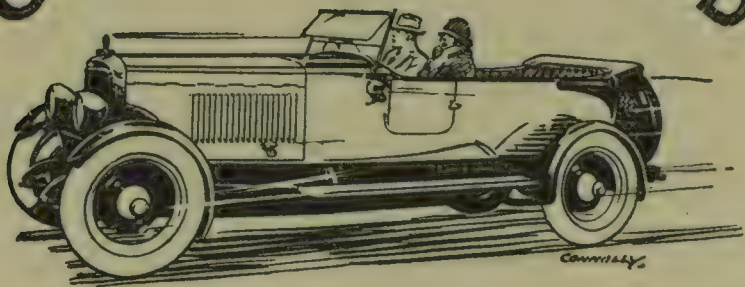
The remainder of the chassis does not call for any particular description, the drive being carried through two flexible joints by open propeller-shaft to the bevel-gear back axle. Successful provision is made for preventing the overflow of oil from the latter on to the brake-drums. The springs are semi-elliptic all round, and, assisted by friction shock-absorbers on the front axle, give unusually good suspension. I can remember driving very few cars of any make or price which stick better to the road on corners on greasy surfaces or at high speeds than this new Hillman. Coupled with extremely light steering—which, however, is rather on the low-gear side—the suspension makes you feel perfectly certain of being able to put the car wherever you want it at any moment, and to do it at any speed within the engine's capabilities.

An excellent set of four-wheel brakes is fitted, worked by pedal, which requires very small effort to bring it into operation. The slack in these brakes is taken up by a central equalising device in the form of a large star easily turned by hand, but, in addition, each brake is separately and easily adjusted. The side lever operates a separate pair of shoes on the back drums, the tension of these being jointly adjustable by a star at the top of the lever (so that you can actually take up the slack in your brakes as you drive) and by local stars, as in the four-wheel brake set. Both gear change and brake lever are on the right-hand side, and neither of them impedes entrance or exit on that side of the car.

The coach-work of the new Hillman, or at any rate of the one which I am describing—the all-weather two-seater—

[Continued overleaf.]

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(Continued.)

is of a fine order. The wide seat is deep, coming close up under your knees, and something like ten inches high at the front end. Its position is

two large cubby holes on either side, and of the controls, and of every detail of the interior of the car, is excellent. A small feature with which I was delighted is the tool locker, which is placed underneath the scuttle-dash, where it is out of the way and invisible.

The engine runs particularly quietly, with practically no vibration at all at any speed, except at about forty miles an hour, where, if you are on the look-out for it, you may notice a slight shake, as the speedometer needle crosses that figure. The car which I am describing, however, is still new, and that faint period may very likely disappear. I cannot judge of the maximum speed attainable, for the same reason, but I found no difficulty at all in maintaining an average speed of well over thirty miles an hour; and, so far as climbing is concerned, when the mileage was still

very low we took the steepest portion of Westerham Hill, which has a gradient of one in six, at twenty miles an hour on second gear, and accomplished

the same feat on the steepest portion of Pebblecombe Hill. A thoroughly comfortable, decently finished motor-car, of excellent class. It looks and feels extremely solid and sturdy, and I consider its price, £320, decidedly moderate. The tax is £13. JOHN PRIOLEAU.

MISS PAULINE FREDERICK IN "MADAME X."

ONE would like to see Miss Pauline Frederick in some less artificial and lurid a piece of emotionalism than "Madame X";

there are too many affinities between this melodrama of the law courts, in which an advocate unwittingly defends his own mother from a charge of murder, and Miss Frederick's ordinary film work, to allow of the experiment of a famous "movie" star acting in the theatre being quite so complete and testing as it might otherwise have been. It is certain enough that in the big scenes of pathos and despair with which M. Brisson's story concludes Miss Frederick shows a great amount of power, and carried away her huge first-night audience by her command of emotional effects; but in the earlier passages it looked—on this occasion—as though she were under-acting and saving herself up for the climax. Her voice is of charming timbre, though hardly perhaps of big enough compass for the Lyceum. Her supporters include Mr. Ian Fleming, who delivers the long speech for the defence with admirable point and feeling; and also Mr. Owen Roughwood, Mr. Roy Byford, Mr. Herbert Ross, and Mr. Leveson Lane, all of whom give performances that call for praise.

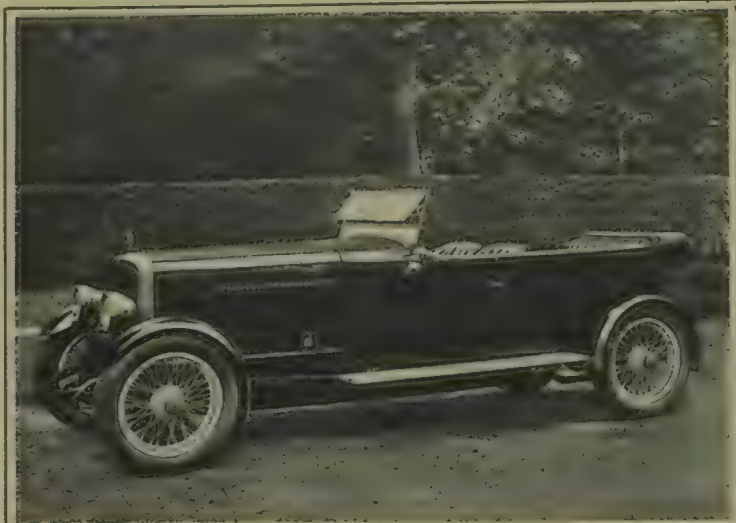


THE SUPPLY OF "B.P." PETROL FOR MAJOR SEGRAVE'S USE IN FLORIDA WHEN ATTEMPTING THE 200-M.P.H. SPEED RECORD: DRAWING PETROL FROM A "B.P." PUMP IN A WAYSIDE FILLING STATION AT SALE, NEAR MANCHESTER.

Major H. O. D. Segrave sailed for America on March 2 in the "Berengaria," taking with him a 1000-h.p. Sunbeam car for his attempt to make a 200-miles-an-hour speed record on Daytona Beach, Florida. The car was illustrated in our last number.

adjustable in relation to the back squab, which can also be set at any angle you wish by means of straps. The dickey seat is as well upholstered and finished as the front compartment, and, although most dickey seats are an abomination, except for a short distance, I must confess that the Hillman Company have removed many of the objections to this part of a two-seater. There is any amount of room for luggage, and the all-weather equipment has been very carefully thought out.

The hood, which resembles that of a real coupé, can be dropped and raised while the car is moving, and the rigid side-screens, which have properly hinged vertical panels in them for signalling or ventilation, give rather more light than the windows of the average coupé. The finish of the instrument-board, with its



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RADIO NOTES.

LONDON has seldom had so important a series of orchestral concerts as the "National Concerts" which are being given by the B.B.C. at the Royal Albert Hall. The performers comprise a brilliant orchestra of 150, drawn from the finest London musical organisations, and a special chorus of 250 trained voices. The conductors include some of the most distinguished British and Continental names.

These concerts are indeed a realisation of the slogan "Music for the Masses," for not only are they broadcast simultaneously throughout the length and breadth of the British Isles, and thus made available to everyone who prefers to listen by the fireside, but the Albert Hall is thrown open at the lowest possible prices for those of the public who wish to attend the concerts. Interesting as the broadcasts are for those who cannot join the visible audience, a great deal may be gained from being present in the Hall itself, for the effect of so big an orchestra and chorus led by the world's master conductors is memorable. A great deal of the music included in these programmes is being heard for the first time in a manner more nearly approaching the composers' ideals than the ordinary concert performance could ever hope to give.

The tenth of these National Concerts will be performed on Thursday next, March 17, when the whole of the first half of the programme will be occupied by Honegger's Symphonic Psalm, "King David." This will be its first performance in this country, and it will be conducted by the composer. The work was originally designed for production in the open air, and was scored for wind instruments only; but for the National Concert the composition has been reorchestrated for full orchestra. The second half of the programme will be devoted to a new Choral Ballet by Gustav Holst, who will conduct.

Discovering the likes and dislikes of the microphone has occupied the attention of many people

during the past four years. Specialists at the British Broadcasting stations, and also at the chief U.S.A. stations controlled by the National Broadcasting Company, are constantly experimenting to find out the possibilities of the newest entertainment medium, and the basis of the work is microphone study.

The elimination of eye appeal has led to the development of other methods of approach to the listeners' sensibilities, which take advantage of the fact that the source of the sounds cannot be seen by the radio audience. Certain voices which possess every requirement for the concert and grand opera stages do not reproduce pleasantly by radio. On the contrary, the programme directors at the New York Stations, "WJZ" and "WEAF," are discovering that many voices when heard *via* the microphone are more agreeable than the human voice when heard directly. The only true test is an actual trial of the voice through a miniature broadcasting circuit which includes a microphone, an amplifier, and a loud speaker. The matter of the proper position of the microphone during actual broadcasting conditions is a complete study in itself. The quality of a voice can be altered to a great extent by changing the relative position of the microphone and the performer. With the double microphones which are standard in the studios of "WEAF" and "WJZ," it is possible to handle practically any number of voices or instruments, or a combination of the two, thus leaving only two problems to be worked out for each group of performers—proper grouping of the artists and the correct placing of the double microphones.

For "picking up" the music of large orchestras when broadcasts are being given of "outside" performances, from two to four microphones are necessary to ensure a good balance of the instruments. For a recent broadcast of "Il Trovatore" direct from the stage of the Auditorium Theatre, Chicago, no fewer than sixteen microphones were used to get proper balance of the voices and instruments.

ADVENTURES AMONG AFRICAN BIG GAME.

(See Illustrations on Page 434.)

CHRONICLES of African big-game hunting, whether for sport or science, are not uncommon, but a unique charm, mingled with an element of tragedy, belongs to a new book called "Out in the Blue," by Vivienne de Watteville, F.R.G.S. With a preface by the Hon. William Ormsby-Gore, M.P., P.C., Under Secretary of State for the Colonies; with seventy-seven illustrations and a map. (Methuen; 18s.). The author accompanied her father on an expedition to Kenya, Uganda, and the Congo, to make a collection of African fauna for the Berne Museum. Before their task was completed, he was mauled by a lion and died the same evening. She was left far out in the bush, alone with native hunters; but, despite grief and illness, she took control and carried on.

"Bernard de Watteville," writes Mr. Ormsby-Gore, "combined the finest ideals of the man of science and the sportsman. The story of his death must call forth the admiration of all who love heroism, devotion, and adventure." He was "a member of a distinguished Bernese family, was born in Switzerland in 1877, and at twenty became a pupil of Hubert Herkomer, R.A., at Bushey. He married Florence, daughter of the late Captain H. W. Beddoes, R.N. She died in 1909, leaving an only daughter, the writer of this book."

As a story of sporting experiences in the wild, the book could hardly be bettered, either for matter or style. Apart from the lions, there were innumerable encounters with other game, both big and little, including buffalo, elephant, and rhinoceros, not to mention incidental thrills provided by crocodiles and snakes. Miss de Watteville shows in her picturesque narrative a strong feeling for the beauty of nature, as well as that touch of sympathy with the animals hunted without which a mere record of stalks and kills can make little appeal. The many beautiful photographs add greatly to the attraction of the volume.

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THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

BY MICHAEL ORME.

EMPIRE FILMS.

"WHAT do they know of England who only England know?" The quotation, hackneyed enough, and often on our lips, rose inevitably to the surface of my mind as I watched the second series of the New Era films, produced by the British Instructional.

Of all the revolutions brought about by the ever-developing power of the Kinema, surely one of the greatest is the widening of the horizons for one and all. The very gates of the world are unlocked by the enterprise of the film-maker! It is true that the greater public still responds more readily to the roses of romance and the thrills of melodrama. The travel film and those fascinating glimpses of "foreign parts," such as are gathered together under the apt title of Empire Films, are probably pigeon-holed in the minds of many, to whom the screen means visions of sheikhs and amorous adventures, with that seemingly stern category of pictures alarmingly entitled "Instructional." But the alarm will wear off. The popular point of view will slowly and surely undergo a change. If only exhibitors will include this sort of film in their regular programmes, and will have the courage to rate public intelligence just a trifle higher than caution appears to dictate, I am persuaded the result will reward their prowess. There is, there must be, a public for films so stimulating, so informative, aye, so fascinating.

It is extraordinary how the "movie fan" shies away from that sign-post, "Instructional." It seems to point towards a grim and gloomy valley where the bogey of Education will stand over them with a cane in his hand, and the sun of entertainment can never penetrate because of the prosy hills of hard facts that have to be surmounted. Break down these apprehensions, prove to the public that films may contain information, yet be as jolly or as dramatic as any fictional picture, and an immense step will be taken in the right direction. This can only be done if all the picture-houses, great and small, will open their doors to the sort of film which I am bound to label "instructional," for want of another definition.

No better picture, or rather, series of pictures, could be found for this purpose than the Empire Films recently shown to the trade. Not only has their subject-matter been chosen with infinite wisdom, but their purpose in teaching us something of the far-flung glories, activities, and labours of our Empire is a splendid one. We know far too little of our colonies. To many they are but a vague name—to many others not even as much as that. No separate entities, merely colonies. It is by no means only the young ladies in the post office who have to look up Britain's oversea possessions in a postal directory, nor who often show an alarming indifference to geographical accuracy! Films of Empire can and will do much to bring the colonies within the ken of the untravelled. They reveal the soul behind the name: the human element touched on, but not vitalised, by the geography books, and their vague frontiers still more vaguely located become almost as definite as if we had reached them by train, boat and car, instead of by the infinitely cheaper and less strenuous route of the kinema.

Verily, the second set of Empire Films, six in number, makes one tingle with pride at the engineering feats and peaceful exploitation that are continually furthering the interests of the colonies; whilst in their beauty and infinite variety of nature they equal any carefully collected setting warranted to lend glamour to a popular love-story. Our camera-laden winter sportsmen and women can bring back nothing more grandiose or more lovely than the glimpses of snow-capped mountains and the Tasman Glacier of New Zealand's southern island. Moreover, the New Zealander has the pull of us in that his mountains fail him not at any season of the year. Nor does it take him over-long to seek his hot bath, ready for him in the thermal region of the North Island, where boiling lakes and warm springs turn the country-side into a magic land. For sheer enterprise and the conquest of Nature, Hong-Kong, the gate of China, must be given the palm. Land has been reclaimed from the sea so that huge business houses may stand, in every sense of the word, on a solid basis. Hill-tops have been, and still are, decapitated, so that towns may spread. A splendid harbour offers shelter to the hurricane-hunted vessels of every nation, and

thus a small and rocky island has become a vital link in the Imperial chain. The rapid advance of the railroad, pushing ahead at the rate of a mile a day, opening up the rich country of the Gold Coast, and bringing down wealth of palm-oil, rubber, and gold, has a thrill in it as gripping as any treasure-hunting romance. Trinidad stands revealed to us—a millionaire's paradise with its picturesque islands on guard at its portals, its wonderful climate, its oil-wells and pitch lake, whence inexhaustible supplies of asphalt may be lifted. We see Nigeria's cotton adding its quota to the world's supply. The Nigerian native is an expert weaver, and though he uses primitive methods of weaving and dyeing, methods that have come to him down the centuries, we are left in humble admiration of his unrivalled skill. And for sheer *joie de vivre*, I would commend you to visit the Maseru races. Thanks to the British Instructional Films, you can do so in all comfort. The first motion pictures ever taken in Basutoland provide most amusing comparison between our Derby Day and this African meeting. There is not so much difference, you will find. The day before sees the great gathering of the natives, who come in from the surrounding villages in all kinds of conveyances, as keen on the horses and on their particular favourite as any racing man on Epsom Downs. Amidst immense excitement and clouds of dust the races are run. Nor is the horsemanship of the Basuto jockey to be sneered at, whilst a complete absence of police cordons and of "welshers" speaks volumes for the orderliness of this dusky Derby.

Such films as these add to the national importance and to the dignity of the kinema. There is vision in the making of them—a vision that sees in the popular medium of the screen a tremendous force to knit more closely the bonds of Empire.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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The Conquest of Brazil. Roy Nash. (18s. net.)

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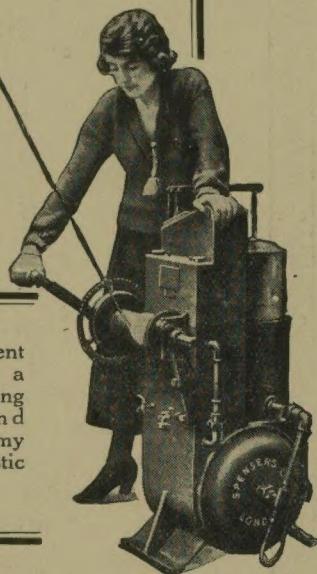
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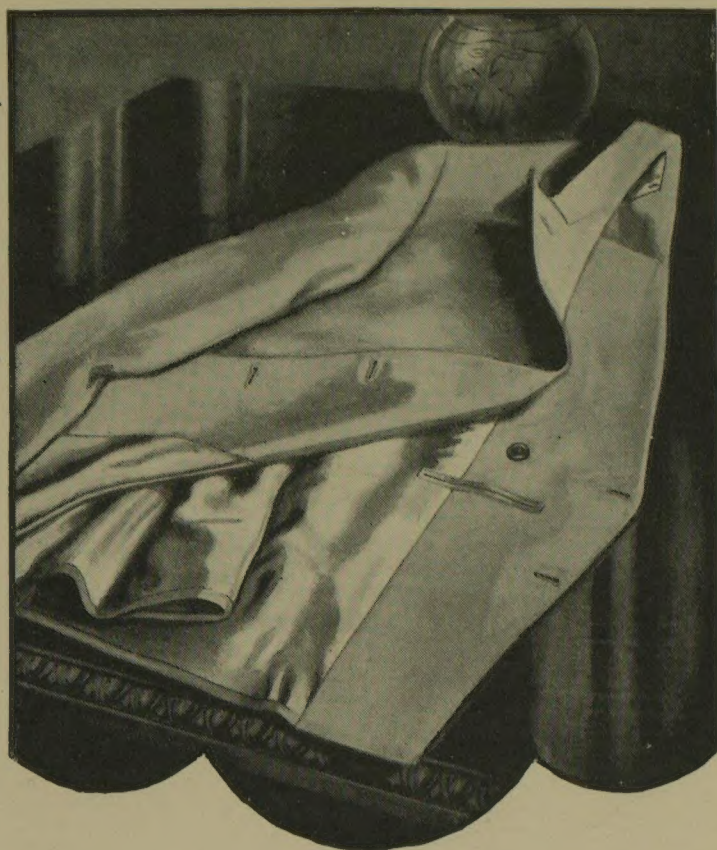
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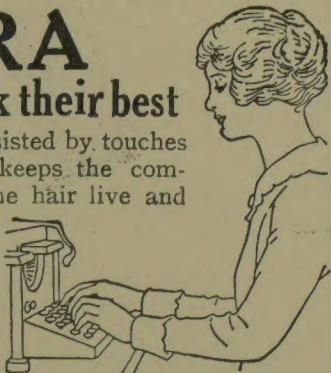
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There is, however, another version, derived from the fact that when Charles I was marching from Birmingham to Shrewsbury in 1642, his carriages conveying the Royal plate and furniture were seized by the Parliamentary party and the valuables stored in Warwick Castle. Royalist prisoners captured in this and subsequent encounters between the two parties were sent to Coventry and in some quarters it is believed that from these circumstances the still current phrase was derived.

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